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DAY OF VICTORY.

Japan Sinks Two Russian Warships and Disables Seven Others.

According to the most trustworthy information, seven Russian battleships have been disabled, and two sunk, since Japan took action. They are:—

TORPEDOED OFF PORT ARTHUR.
Tsesvitch, first-class battleship, just joined the Eastern squadron.
Retvian, a sister battleship, the most efficient in the Russian Navy.
Pallada, first-class cruiser, steaming 20 knots. All badly damaged.

STRUCK DURING PORT ARTHUR BOMBARDMENT.
Poltava, battleship, 11,000 tons, 17 knots. Damaged on water-line.
Ulan, cruiser, built 1889, 20 knots. Damaged on water-line.
Askold, a very speedy cruiser, and the only five-funnel warship in the world, built in 1900, 24 knots. Damaged on water-line.
Nevik, fast cruiser, 20 knots, built in 1900; carries liquid fuel. Damaged on water-line.

SUNK OFF CHEMULPHO.
Varyag, very fast and fine cruiser, constructed in 1899, 23 knots.
Ten Russians are reported killed and 34 wounded; two officers are wounded.
A report, unconfirmed, says three Russian transports have been captured.
One Japanese cruiser has been reported aground, but there is no confirmation.

Such is the extraordinary record which our energetic ally has compiled within two days of actual hostilities. And she appears to have done all this with small damage to herself, though it is possible that later information may show that she, as well as Russia, has suffered.

It is a wonderful achievement, and even those who know Japan as the home of miracles are amazed at the feat.

That they would show absolute insensibility to the courage equal to that of any maritime power, everyone who knew them believed. That their naval preparations were extremely efficient was known to experts.

But such resource of strategy, such dash and energy in execution, have astonished the whole world, and especially those Continental critics who claimed that the conduct of the war against China was no test.

Japan has now a decided preponderance of strength: the Russian naval force at Port Arthur is decidedly inferior, and four of the best Russian cruisers are isolated at Vladivostok.

Sundered and Then Sunk.

The most sensational piece of news yesterday was that of the sinking of the Varyag and Korietz, near Chemulpho; the port of Seoul, on the western coast of Korea.

The official report received by the Japanese Legation allows us to form a vivid picture of the scene.

On Monday evening a Japanese squadron escorted by transports was steaming up the coast to Chemulpho.

It was, no doubt, a frosty but mellow evening.

The old gunboat Korietz, which has been knocking about the East for years past, comes out of port just as the Japanese are nearing it.

She fires, and then, like a little dog that has been at several big ones, runs back into the harbor where the cruiser Varyag is lying. The cruiser passes the night within a few cables' length of the harbor.

With the morning comes the summons of the Japanese Admiral. The Russian ships must leave the port, or he will attack them. They leave; but there is fierce fighting for an hour, and finally the Russian ships limp off among the tiny islands which dot this coast. The cruiser sinks outright; the gunboat is first shattered by explosion.

The others telegrams refer to the bombardment of Port Arthur and the fighting in the Gulf of

Continued on page 2.

RUSSIA LOSES TWO SHIPS OF WAR.



In the sea-fight off Chemulpho the Japanese, with no loss, beat the Russians. "Towards the evening," says the dispatch received by the Japanese Legation, with dry, official brevity, "the Russian cruiser Varyag sank, and about 4 a.m. on the morning of February 10 the Korietz was reported to have also sunk, having blown up."

HOW THE TWO RUSSIAN SHIPS WERE SUNK OFF CHEMULPHO.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

THE WAR CONTINUES IN GRIM EARNEST.

MR. RITCHIE TO THE FORE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Changeable and rather cold; variable, gusty winds; rain, hail, and sleet squalls, with bright intervals.

Lighting-up time, 6.5 p.m.

Sea Passages will be very rough in the Channel, rather rough in the North Sea, and smooth to moderate in the Irish Channel.

So far Japan has fared well in her war with Russia. According to the most trustworthy information seven Russian battleships have been disabled and two sunk, with the result that Japan has now the decided preponderance of strength.—(Pages 1, 2, and 3.)

The marriage of Princess Alice of Albany to Prince Alexander of Teck took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, yesterday, the ceremony being a most brilliant one. The bride was given away by the King, who, in the evening, at St. George's Hall, gave a grand banquet in honour of the wedding guests.—(Page 11.)

A very satisfactory bulletin has been issued respecting the condition of Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Chamberlain is to begin his holiday to-day, but it is not certain whether the right hon. gentleman will sail to-morrow for Egypt on board the Mongolia or next week by the Macedonia.—(Page 3.)

The funeral of Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., took place yesterday in the Old Cemetery at Key Hill, Birmingham. Among those present at a memorial service held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.—(Page 3.)

In the Divorce Court yesterday the hearing was commenced of the case in which Yvonne Louise Marie Huquet, Marquise de Lisle, seeks a divorce from her husband, the Marquis de Lisle, of Leicestershire, against whom allegations of cruelty were made and denied.—(Page 6.)

It is thought as a result of the heavy rainfall last evening still further havoc will result from floods in the Thames Valley. An expert, interviewed on behalf of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, states that there is very little hope of fine dry weather during this year.—(Page 12.)

"The Love Birds," a new musical comedy, was produced at the Savoy Theatre last evening.—(Pages 4 and 7.)

Society is taking great interest in the marriage which takes place to-day at Garswood, Lancs., of Miss Ethel Gerard, only sister of Lord Gerard, to Baron de Forest.—(Page 13.)

At Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday three men, named Hibbard, Joyce, and Maker, were ordered various terms of imprisonment in respect of theft of wire from the line to the eastern counties, cut at Victoria Park.—(Page 6.)

South London has been the scene of a number of shop till robberies. Giving evidence at South-west yesterday, a tobacconist said that owing to the activity of shop thieves it was unsafe to leave one's business unattended.—(Page 4.)

The need for a change in the matter of a law relating to aliens was commented on in a case that came before the magistrate at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday.—(Page 6.)

The court-martial at Plymouth on Major C. Henderson, of the Royal Marines, accused of drunkenness yesterday ended in a verdict of not guilty.—(Page 3.)

At the inquest respecting the death of Neville Claude Thomson, twenty-four, a stock jobber's clerk, found poisoned in a room at the Charing-cross Hotel, the jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane.—(Page 6.)

On the whole a better tone prevailed on the Stock Exchange. There was a distinct rally in Japanese bonds as a result of the victory, and generally speaking all foreign securities recovered.—(Page 6.)

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Feb. 5.—Japan sends her Note breaking off negotiations.

Feb. 7.—News published in St. Petersburg and London.

Feb. 8.—Japanese Ambassador leaves St. Petersburg.

At midnight the Japanese make a torpedo attack at Port Arthur, disabling three Russian warships.

Feb. 9.—Naval battle off Port Arthur; four Russian ships disabled.

Combat between Japanese squadron and Russian ships *Varyag* and *Korietz* off Chemulpho; both Russians sunk.

Tsar prays for success to Russian arms.

Feb. 10.—Tsar issues formal proclamation of war.

To-day's Arrangements.

Mr. Chamberlain leaves England for a holiday.

Military Secretary's Leave, 2.30.

East at Seltone addresses Meeting, Murphy Memorial Hall, New Kent-road, 8.30.

Lord Claud Hamilton on Tariff Reform, Ladbroke Hall, 8.

Sir E. Bridge lectures on Shakespeare and Music, Church House, 4.30.

Archbishop of Canterbury distributes prizes to C.E. High School for Girls, Eaton-square, 2.45.

Chartered Institute of Secretaries: Fiscal Lecture, Cavendish Hall, 8.

Bedford College for Women: Lecture, 5.

University of London, London School of Economics, 6.10.

Annual Meeting of St. Mark's Hospital, at the Mansion House.

After Care Association: Bishop of London presides at the Annual Meeting, 32, St. James's-square, 3.

L.C.C. School of Photo-Engraving, etc., Bolt-court: First of a Series of Lectures on "Half-tone Work," 8.

Marriage of Miss Ethel Gerard and Baron de Forest, Leicester.

Artists' at Cambridge, Jesus College; at Oxford, Christ Church, Half-mile Handicap.

Continued from page 1.

Pechili, and show that even according to the Russians the damage done to the seven ships is considerable.

Land fighting may be expected soon. Japanese troops are pouring into the south of Korea; four battalions have landed at Chemulpho, and other troops are being debarked at Masampo. On the other hand, the Russian troops are massing on the Yalu River, which forms a boundary between Manchuria and Port Arthur. It will be interesting to see if the Japanese do as well on land as on the sea.

SINKING OF TWO SHIPS.

The news of the Chemulpho action was first given in an unofficial telegram, which was afterwards confirmed by a Japanese dispatch as follows:—

"On February 8 the Japanese squadron escorting transport ships on its way to Chemulpho the Russian gunboat *Korietz* as she was coming out of port. The *Korietz* took up an offensive attitude towards the Japanese vessels and fired upon the Japanese torpedo boats. The latter discharged two torpedoes, but without effect. Then the *Korietz* returned to her anchorage at the port.

"Early on the next morning (February 9) Admiral Uryu, commanding the Japanese squadron, formally called upon the Russian men-of-war to leave Chemulpho before noon on the same day. The Admiral added that if he demand were not complied with he would be compelled to attack them in the harbour.

"The two Russian men-of-war left the port at about 11.30 a.m., and a battle then ensued outside the Polynesian Islands. After about an hour's engagement the Russian men-of-war took refuge among the islands.

"Towards the evening the Russian cruiser *Varyag* sank, and about 4 a.m. on the morning of February 10 the *Korietz* was reported to have also sunk, having blown up. The officers and men of the two sunken vessels took refuge in the French cruiser *Pascal*. No casualties on the Japanese side."—*Reuter*.

PORT ARTHUR'S MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

The best account of the Port Arthur drama is given by a correspondent of the "New York Herald," who was on the steamer *Columbia* in the harbour, quite close to the Russian fleet.

"Everything," he says, "was tranquil. A Russian official told us he expected the Japanese fleet in three or four days. The lighthouse was brightly lighted. Guiding lights were also burning.

"About eight o'clock the Russian sailors chanted their evening prayers. The hymn rolled impressively along the water.

"Then a deep silence settled down. I was going to bed, about 11.30, when I heard three distinct but muffled explosions, one after another.

"Apparently they came from under water, for the *Columbia* vibrated violently. Instantly firing with twelve-pounders and three-pounders began. Searchlights were placed, but without much result.

"I watched the operations, thinking they were only manoeuvres, till midnight, when the firing had almost ceased, entirely ceasing at three in the morning.

"At daybreak the crew, seeing the strange and pathetic appearance of the two torpedoed battleships, at first suspected a collision, but soon learned the truth.

"It seemed strange, for though the flashlights were whirling wildly and the lighthouse light was now extinct, no firing took place after three. The moon was shining, but no enemy was visible."

RUSSIANS' STRANGE APATHY.

"After daybreak a strange apathy seemed to possess the Russians. The crew of white-faced, gaping men crowded the forward decks of the damaged vessels. I saw, through the glass, the cook of one of the battleships calmly throwing out slops, and the men in the other vessels carefully washing the anchor chain while weighing anchor."

"It was almost eleven when sixteen Japanese

ships, including five battleships, appeared along the horizon. They were in line ahead formation.

"At a quarter past eleven, say, came the first flash from a Japanese vessel. This landed a 12-inch shell near the torpedo boats and the disabled battleships. The aim was splendid.

"The Japanese shells aimed at the battleships fell thickly around the *Columbia*. Several bursting near her stern strewn her decks with splinters and water.

"The ship, therefore, got under way, and despite Russian orders to the contrary left for Chi-fu. On one occasion, while the shells were bursting round us, the captain called: 'Boy, get me some cigarettes.' The officers were coolness personified."

WHAT ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF SAYS.

Admiral Alexieff's official telegram says:—

"Our losses are two naval officers and fifty-one men wounded, nine men killed, and on the coast batteries one man killed and three wounded.

"None of the three damaged ships was sunk. Their boilers and engines are undamaged.

"The *Tsarevitch* is damaged in her steering department. The *Retvisan* is damaged in the part containing the pumping apparatus below the water line. The damage to the *Pallada* is amidships, not far from the engines.

"As to the damage done by the torpedo attack the Viceroy telegraphed yesterday:—

"The three damaged ships were sunk. Their boilers and engines are undamaged.

"The *Tsarevitch* is damaged in her steering department. The *Retvisan* is damaged in the part containing the pumping apparatus below the water line. The damage to the *Pallada* is amidships, not far from the engines.

"Immediately after the explosion the cruisers went to give help, and in spite of the darkness of the night, measures were taken to bring the damaged ships into the inner harbour.

"Among the officers there was no loss, but two seamen were killed, five drowned, and eight wounded.

"The enemy's torpedo boats were received at the right time by a strong fire from the ships.

"Two unexploded torpedoes were found after the attack was over."

"GOD AND OUR RIGHT."

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

The "Official Messenger" to-day publishes the following manifesto by the Tsar:—

"We proclaim to all our faithful subjects. In our solicitude for the preservation of that peace so dear to our heart we have put forth every effort to assure tranquility in the Far East. Japan, not even awaiting the arrival of our last reply, and the proposals of our Government, informed us of the rupture of the negotiations and of diplomatic relations with Russia.

"Without previously notifying that the rupture of such relations implied the beginning of warlike action, the Japanese Government ordered its torpedo-boats to make a sudden attack on our warships in the outer harbour of the fortress of Port Arthur.

"After receiving the report of our Viceroy on the subject, we at once commanded Japan's challenge to be replied to by arms.

"While proclaiming this our resolve, we, in unshakable confidence in the help of the Almighty, and firmly trusting in the unanimous readiness in all our faithful subjects to defend the fatherland, together with ourselves, we invoke God's blessing on our glorious forces of the Army and Navy."—*Reuter*.

WAR FEVER IN RUSSIA.

A great patriotic demonstration has taken place in front of the theatre at Kharkoff. Large crowds assembled and sang the Russian National Anthem, after which they raised enthusiastic cheers.

In accordance with the demands of the crowd the theatre orchestra appeared and played the National Anthem several times over. A procession was then formed, and other patriotic manifestations took place.

At St. Petersburg all balls have been countermanded. The Government is sending 300 locomotives for the Trans-Siberian and Trans-Baikal Railways.

RUSSIA NEEDS WINGS.

Interesting Statement by Viscount Hayashi.

"The Russians have not got wings with which to fly to Manchuria," said Viscount Hayashi last night to a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, who offered the Japanese Minister London's congratulations upon Japan's day of victories, which practically amounted to the crippling of the Russian fleet.

The Minister hoped that all the news of naval triumphs would prove true.

"If," he said, "one can find anything in war to rejoice over, I think I may say Japan's start gives me good reason to be glad."

"The British people like to see a little Power like Japan doing a plucky thing, and I think they must be pleased that their ally has acquired herself well."

Viscount Hayashi hoped it might be the case "but the harbour at Port Arthur had been blocked, but he could hardly bring himself to believe that Russian naval officers could be so stupid as to let that happen, because, he said, 'They are brave and shrewd men.'"

"I," he continued, "that so far as sea-fights are concerned, the war is half won by Japan."

Asked whether the Japanese navy was indebted to Great Britain for its efficiency, Viscount Hayashi replied, "Wholly. Officers and men constantly acknowledge this."

Seventy-two new quick-firing guns were dispatched from St. Petersburg to the Far East on Sunday. They are capable of firing thirty-eight shots a minute.

The Japanese merchants in New York met at dinner last night to celebrate the Japanese victory.

He Dwells on the Circumstances of His Sacrifice.

"Who's up," asked an hon. member, at Westminster yesterday.

"Dilke," replied the informing politician, and the statement could have been truthfully repeated for an hour.

The alert and indefatigable baronet who represents the Forest of Dean has won for himself a unique reputation in the Popular Chamber. Dilke, discursive, and devoid of any pretensions to rank as an orator of the first water, yet stands out as an orator of the first water, and his intemperate acquaintance with foreign affairs. He is consequently always keeps the ear of the House.

In rising from his corner-seat to resume the debate in the Commons yesterday, Sir Charles was heartily cheered by the Liberals behind him. His eyes fixed on the Treasury bench, he questioned the genuineness of the Government's supposed repudiation of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain. It seemed to him so thin that he was unable to see it. "At all events," he added, "and his deep bass voice rang through the Chamber—"I cannot believe in the repudiation or trust in it."

A Little Ill at Ease.

In making his first appearance in debate since his departure from Downing-street, the member for Crofton was received with a general chorus of cheers, perhaps a little more pronounced than those which greeted him at the Ministry. Mr. Ritchie looked painfully uncomfortable on the low ganway. Resting his left arm on the bench behind him he seemed to miss the Treasury table, which forms a convenient desk for members.

Having carefully adjusted his gold-rimmed pince-nez he proceeded, with the aid of his notes to glow into enthusiastic praise of the Cabinet policy.

"I beg to say that Cobden in his wildest dreams never contemplated a higher state of prosperity than that which is happily enjoyed by this country."

The Liberals shouted in delight. The ex-Chancellor then came to the Cabinet, and the House picked up no evidence whatever of the Liberal's usual lucidity and animation. "Before I left the Government no evidence whatever was put before my colleagues and before the Colonial preference and food taxes had been distinctly abandoned, and there was no time before us that Mr. Chamberlain was not to continue in the Government, therefore, nothing remained for me and those who thought with me—to resign."

The Opposition shouted their approval. In his own case, he concluded, he felt that, whatever personal sacrifice he himself might be believed to be the interest of the country must prevail. The sacrifice he had made could only be appreciated by those who had themselves made similar sacrifices.

Sir Edward Grey's Simile.

Sir Edward Grey, speaking with more than his usual lucidity and animation, declared that the Government had disclosed no policy except the policy of neutrality. "It is the policy of Korea in the war between Russia and Japan," said the much-looked-upon statesman. "It is worth anything from the point of view of practical politics."

Mr. Walter Long took up the cudgels on behalf of the Government. However much the country might desire that retaliation be made, the only practical policy put before the country by a responsible Government, and if that did not cure all the evils which were admitted to exist it would undoubtedly cure a reasonable proportion of them.

Mr. Winston Churchill followed, his main contention being that the Conservative Party was the grip of Mr. Chamberlain, and that the next mark of the true Conservative for the next few years would be whole-hearted support of the Birmingham policy.

MR. RITCHIE'S REVELATIONS.

It is understood that several members of the Cabinet do not accept as accurate the version given by Mr. Ritchie, from memory, in his speech in the House of Commons yesterday, of the circumstances attending his resignation. They stated that their recollection of the Cabinet incidents referred to does not agree with the account of them given yesterday by the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is stated that the Liberal Unionist free-traders talk of putting forward a candidate in South Birmingham, as they consider they will have a better chance owing to Mr. Chamberlain's absence.

AN EMBANKMENT CORSO.

Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, two heavily blanketed racehorses broke away from their attendant while passing under Waterloo Bridge on the Embankment. They raced in the direction of Blackfriars, scattering pedestrians right and left.

Every effort to stop them failed, and they finally charged into the glass doors of the public house under St. Paul's Station railway-bridge. One of the animals was severely cut by the broken glass and fled to the docks.

Three persons had to be medically treated. The attendant was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital seriously injured.

BELGIAN MAIL TRAIN HELD UP.

A daring robbery has taken place on the mail between Brussels and Paris.

Six well-dressed passengers made their way, having volved their hand into the post-van, and having gagged the guard, took all the registered letters and jumped on to the permanent way.

One was afterwards found on the line seriously injured.

THE "LITTLE FATHER" PRAYS FOR HOLY RUSSIA.



The Tsar and Tsarina follow in the footsteps of their people and make constant intercession for the fortune of Russia in the war. The Russians are an intensely devout race, and beneath a veneer of the West conceal much of the passion and fanaticism of the East.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SECRET.

Will He Sail To-morrow by the "Mongolia" or Next Week by the "Macedonia"?

Mr. Chamberlain begins his holiday to-day, and it is more than probable that he will be in the country who can forward letters to Mr. Chamberlain, and make up his mind to keep his whereabouts a secret, the right hon. gentleman may be trusted to do so.

To make this doubly sure, I do not know myself, said Mr. Chamberlain, to a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, who wanted to know more than Mr. Chamberlain would tell his personal friend, Mr. Jesse Collings, notwithstanding Mr. Morley's compliment about the "P. and O." in Leadenhall-street. The facts available very slightly favour the "P. and O." people.

For example, while everybody has been supposing that Mr. Chamberlain will set sail by the *Mongolia* at Marseilles to-morrow, it is mysterious that his name does not occur on the *O. Handbook of Information*, which doublets a paragraph warning holders of first-class

railway tickets who have not booked for the Calais to Marseilles express (as Mr. Chamberlain has not done) that they should leave London not later than by the 9 a.m. train from Charing Cross, via Dover.

If, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain leaves Victoria to-day at eleven o'clock, as it is generally supposed he will do, then the inference is that he is not bound direct for Egypt, but intends beginning his holiday somewhere else—possibly in the South of France, it is conjectured.

The mystery deepens by reason of the fact that among the bookings for the steamer *Macedonia*—a slightly taller sister of the *Mongolia*—which sails a week to-morrow, appear the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Birmingham." Is this merely a coincidence, or does it divulge Mr. Chamberlain's secret?

THE LATE MR. POWELL WILLIAMS.

The remains of the late Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., were yesterday morning placed in a special van attached to the 9.20 Birmingham express from Euston.

The funeral took place at noon in the old cemetery at Key Hill.

Simultaneously with the funeral at Birmingham a memorial service was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Among those present were the Home Secretary, the Secretary of State for India, the Postmaster-General, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

A serious landslide has occurred on the Great Western Railway nine miles from Newport, blocking the traffic on the Sirhowy branch.

A Baptist minister—Rev. Alfred Sprague, of Dorchester—was run over and killed by the London express at Poole railway station yesterday.

Major C. Henderson, of the Royal Marines, was yesterday found not guilty of the charge of drunkenness preferred against him at a court-martial held at Stonehouse, Plymouth.

LONDON'S DELIGHT.

City and West End Overjoyed by Japan's Successes.

There was no lack of evidence yesterday that London is making common cause with Japan. It was with an unmistakable sign of relief that the populace learned in the morning that the Russian rumour of the sinking of eleven Japanese vessels was untrue. Shrewd members of the community suspected this would be the sequel.

All day yesterday the greeting exchanged by men in the street was "Bravo, Japan!"

Thrice it he armed who hath his quarrel just; But four times he who gets his blow in fust.

These lines were repeated yesterday afternoon by a stockbroker in Throgmorton-street amid the cheers of brother brokers. Soon the couplet was passed round the House and out into the street. Passing bankers and City men of all occupations took it up. After business hours it was carried in all directions into suburban homes, and now it will go still farther afield through the medium of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*. It may be new to some: it is true to all; and particularly applicable to Japan to-day.

Nobody has a good word to say for Russia in the City. Whatever this may signify, it is the simple fact. The old enemy is still very far from being considered in a friendly way by Londoners. Nor is this to be explained solely on the ground that Japan is the little Power. Japan had cleverly and pluckily crippled her big foe in the first round.

That was the reason of the popular enthusiasm. Britons admire their own qualities in other people. Besides, Britain is doubly proud to-day of her little ally, who has proved so apt a pupil in naval fighting.

"All I want to see now," said a City man, "is for one of the Japanese wrestlers to throw Hack-

schmidt. Imagine the applause with which that would be received."

It is remarkable how few Japs there are in the City. Formerly one could not walk along Leadenhall-street without meeting six or seven; yesterday none were to be seen. They were all off to the motherland in her hour of need. Had a Jap appeared in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange yesterday, while the good news of naval victories was arriving, he would have narrowly escaped being borne shoulder-high.

In omnibuses and trains the tune was the same. Everybody sang the praises of Japan, ladies joining in the general jubilation. "It seems strange," said a reflective person, "to find the white man rejoicing at the triumph of the yellow man over the white. But in this case the white combatant is Russian and the yellow combatant Japanese. That makes all the difference."

All over the West End the popular delight was equally remarkable. Carriages stopped in Piccadilly while the occupants called the news-vendors over with the latest news of the sinking and capturing of Russian ships, writ bold and large on the contents bills. The scene recalled some of the glad days during the Boer war, when British arms effected a series of victories after many initial reverses.

Only the Frenchmen in Soho looked gloomy at the disasters which had so early in the conflict overtaken their own alleged ally, the Russian. But they had enough discretion to conceal their chagrin.

THE "DAILY MAIL" MAP.

A map of the Far East, prepared under the auspices of the "Daily Mail," which is published by George Philip and Son, Limited, at one shilling and half a crown, shows all the towns, railways, and rivers likely to be of interest in the conflict between Russia and Japan. The various territories are coloured. Treaty ports, fortifications, and dockyards are marked; and steamer routes are lined with the distances in nautical miles. The map folds within a cover.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT NAVAL WAR.

TORPEDO HORRORS.

How the Japanese Destroyed China's Warships.

The terrible effects of a torpedo explosion were first witnessed in the Chilian Civil War of 1891, when the Blanco Enclada went down in a few minutes after being struck.

"The Blanco was struck on the starboard side near the engine-room," says a survivor's account of the event, "near the dynamo-room. The shock was tremendous. Every light in the ship was extinguished, one of the 8-in. guns was thrown off its trunnions, and a large number of men were killed. Portions of iron and machinery flew about the engine-room, and killed or wounded six engineers. The Blanco began to heel heavily to starboard, exposing her decks to the pitiless hail from the quick-firers of the torpedo gunboats, which mowed the men down as they poured up from below."

One hundred and eighty-two men out of the Blanco's total complement of 288 were killed or drowned, but the torpedo gunboats got off with very little damage and without loss of life.

The most successful, and, at the same time the most terrible, torpedo attack on naval record resulted in the practical destruction of the Chinese fleet lying in Wei-hai-Wei Harbour by the Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla on the night of February 5, 1895.

Alive in an Iron Tomb.

"The Chinese did not discover the boats till they were right in front of them," says the account of the action in Mr. H. W. Wilson's book, "and then made only a feeble resistance. Seven torpedoes were discharged by the Kataka and the other boats. The Ting Yuen seems to have received one, the Wei Yuen one, and the Ching Yuen one. The Lai Yuen, too, was hit on this occasion and capsized, her bottom showing above water."

"Her crew were imprisoned alive in an iron tomb, and were heard knocking and shrieking for days. It was a work of great difficulty to cut through the bottom, and when at last this had been done all were found dead."

A graphic description of the torpedoing of the Ting Yuen is given in "Blackwood," by an Englishman on board, Commander Tyler.

"I saw a torpedo-boat," he says, "approaching us on end. When about 300 yards off she turned hard a-port. Just then I saw one of our shots take effect, a cloud of steam rising from the boat. A few seconds after she turned, her torpedo struck. It was a loud dull thud, and a heavy quivering shock, a column of water dashed over the decks, and there was a faint, sickly smell of explosives."

The Ting Yuen did not go down. She was beached before that could take place, but she was completely wrecked.

Provided only that they get their torpedo home, the officers and men of a Japanese torpedo-boat regard the loss of their own lives with perfect equanimity.

WEATHER FINDS A CHAMPION.

A reader of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, who writes from Yeovil, Somerset, takes some exception to an editorial comment on the weather.

The weather, he observes, may be all we said it was, but "only a fortnight ago, at a public meeting, I heard a farmer speak of the 'merciful three or four weeks of sunshine' in the summer, when such an abundance of hay was gathered all over the country."

"THE LOVE BIRDS."

The Younger Generation Makes Merry in the New Musical Comedy at the Savoy.

[Mr. Haselden's sketches of the principal characters in "The Love Birds" will be found on Page 7.]

There are doubtless shades of Savoyards who may possibly be shocked at the gay goings-on of the joyful juniors who took the old Savoy by storm last night. The Savoy has always been the "Miss Prim" of London theatres, and "The Love Birds" is not prim—anything else than that! But who shall be prim where all are young and most are beautiful?

The love-birds are, one may state, Mr. Bertram Wallis and Miss Kate Cutler, who are, for the purposes of the play, husband and wife. Miss Kate Cutler is, of course, all that grace can mean, and if stalwart Mr. Bertram Wallis is a trifle stolid, he is all the more capable of supporting upon his broad shoulders the peculiarly unsparring satire on "hubbies" in general, dispensed by our bright and irresponsible author, Mr. George Grossmith, jun.

Discovered!

In a retreat, then, at Henley, the "love-birds" are discovered after a honeymoon that has been heroically protracted for two blissful years. They are discovered by a jovial young friend from town (Mr. Lawrence Grossmith). This friend, by name "Bill"—Sir "Bill," to give him his title—instead of arriving with quietude and discretion, as to a holy place, brings practically the whole company, girls, boys and all, from the Venus Theatre, all bent upon a "high old time." From the moment of their arrival, the honeymoon is at an end. The ideal husband dances with the leading lady, the "wee wifiey" goes off to town with Sir "Bill," and the curtain discreetly falls.

We arrive at a theatrical reception in Carlton House-terrace—that august site for the residences of Prime Ministers, Viceroy, Ambassadors, and Parliamentary novelists. The reception is given by a certain Mrs. Wilson-West—played by the incomparable Miss Lottie Venne. Mrs. Wilson-West is represented as having an Oriental manner: she talks gibberish by way of Arabic, and her furniture is almost as Oriental as a Regent-street tearoom. Unfortunately, too, she is Oriental also in her moral view of life.

And this brings one to the mention of Mr. Fuller Golden who moves with this piece straight from the music-hall to the theatre. The sticklers for a

RUSSIA'S LAMED FLEET.

One of Her Fastest Cruisers Sunk—Another Out of Action.

The Variag, which was sunk by Admiral Uriu's fleet in the encounter off Chemulpo, was one of Russia's newest and fastest cruisers. She was built at Cramp's Shipbuilding Yard, Philadelphia, in 1900, and fitted with all the most modern improvements and inventions in naval structure.

The Korietz, also sunk off Chemulpo, was a comparatively old boat, built at Stockholm in 1896. She was of little use, having a speed of only eleven knots.

The Askold, which, in the battle of Port Arthur, was damaged below the water-line, is a first-class cruiser of recent construction. Her appliances, out-

JAPANESE "GRIT."

Qualities Which Make the Mikado's Subjects Good Fighters.

Those who have watched the Japanese young man learn to skate can perhaps best appreciate the tenacity of purpose and utter disregard of physical discomfort which make him such a good fighter.

After getting his skates fixed he will gravely proceed for a couple of steps before going the way of all beginners and sitting down violently. What the Englishman says under these circumstances is well known. Still cheerful and smiling, our Japanese young man is not even thinking of strong language. Picking himself up, he will carefully dust the snow from his clothes and gravely take

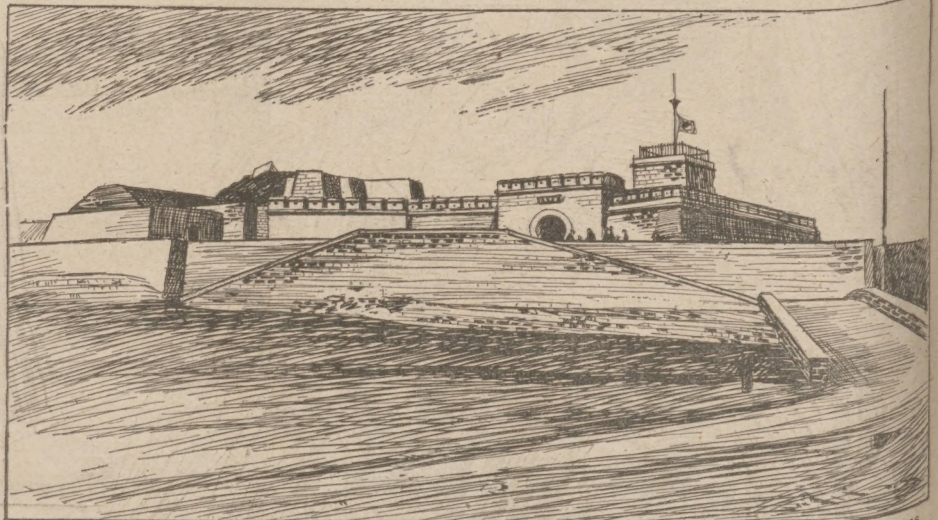
AT LLOYD'S.

Underwriters Have Been Heavily Hit and Refuse "Risks."

The news of the startling development of events in the Far East created an almost unprecedented situation at Lloyd's. As a rule, however great the risks, it is easy to insure anything there, but the news of Japan's initial success completely upset the underwriters, and they absolutely refused to insure any ships in Eastern waters.

"We have been badly caught," said a representative of one firm of shippers ruefully. "A few weeks ago, when the air was full of rumours of impending war, we insured a ship for thirty

THE RUSSIAN FORT AT PORT ARTHUR.



In spite of the terrific bombardment by the Japanese fleet under Vice-Admiral Togo, the fortress at Port Arthur was, runs the Russian Admiral Alexieff's report, but insignificantly damaged.

fit, and equipment embody the latest and most approved developments in modern construction.

The Poltava, slightly damaged on or just below the water-line, rendering her out of action, was built in 1894. Her displacement is 11,000 tons, and she had a crew of 750 officers and men. This vessel is provided with four 12.4-in. guns, twelve 6-in. guns, sixteen three-pounders, twelve one-pounders, and eight others of various types.

The Diana, whose damage is not considered very serious, has a displacement of 6,530 tons.

The Novik, which was damaged in the port under the water-line, is a cruiser of 3,000 tons, with six 4.7-in. guns. Russia has now lost three battleships (disabled); one cruiser (sunk) and three cruisers disabled; one gunboat sunk.

another couple of steps, only to again collide with the ice, when he will again smile and look pleased and happy.

A particularly persevering Englishman, with an exceptionally even temper, might perhaps continue this performance until the third time before kicking a hole in the ice or beginning a row with a bystander who has laughed at him. When you have watched the Japanese man repeat it fifty times, and have seen him get up the last time with the same sweet expression on his face, you begin to appreciate him.

If the Japanese young man can put this amount of perseverance and endurance cheerfully into his play, what will he not endure, and where will he be stopped in his fighting?

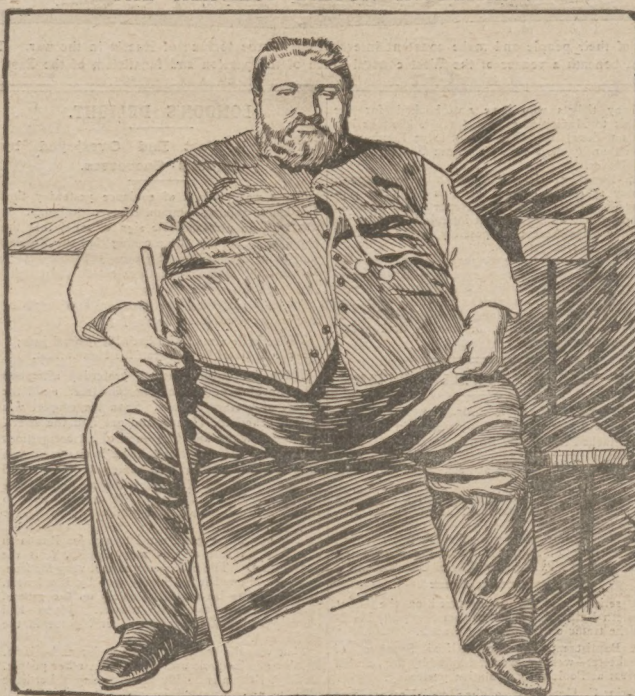
guineas per hundred. She arrived safely in Japan, and hoping that the conflict would be indefinitely postponed we did not care to pay such a high rate on a second vessel, which is due there within the next few days. Now we cannot insure her at any price.

The underwriters have been heavily hit by the sudden outbreak of hostilities, which will cost them thousands and thousands of pounds. City merchants whose business will be affected by the war, have for months past been insuring themselves. In January for thirty guineas per cent., it was possible to insure against war breaking out before the end of March. A few days ago the rate had risen to 55 per cent., and high as these prices were, many merchants paid them.

difference between the actor and the entertainer have doubtless been perturbed at Mr. Fuller Golden's exchange. Perhaps they are just. There

is, indeed, frequently a difference between the actor and the entertainer. There are actors, certainly, who do not entertain. But is Mr.

THE HEAVIEST BRITON IN BRITAIN.



Mr. Longley, the landlord of the Star Inn, Dover, is ill. He is a rival for weight and size of the historic Daniel Lambert. He is fifty-seven years of age, weighs 448 lb., is 6ft. 11in. tall, 70in. round the chest, 83in. round the waist, and 23in. round the calf.

Fuller Golden an entertainer who does not act? One would doubt that very much. Certainly he does not seem to act. He just entertains about the stage making strident and highly amusing observations upon everything in general, and indulging freely in the process known to the graduates as "roting." It all seems easy enough, this "not-acting." But is it? Is it not the familiar illusion of "Partridge at the play." People who the same thing of Mr. Gillette and of Mr. Hopper. If it is all so easy why are not hosts of people who never could act in their lives paid for not-acting at the same rate as Mr. Fuller Golden?

Of the other members of this merry crowd the characteristic is that they all seem to be young, and that several of them are the sons of their fathers. Mr. Fred Leslie, junior, for instance, makes his debut as a decorative landscape painter, has not much to do, and to be frank, he doesn't do more, but he has a pleasing presence, a deep voice, and a peculiarly fine mouthful of teeth. Well, those and a great name he may do wonders yet.

THE KING'S HEAVIEST SUBJECT.

Mr. Thomas Longley is acknowledged to be the heaviest man, not only in the King's dominions but in the whole world. He was born at Dover in 1848, his parents being people of normal stature. He weighs 5 cwt. 2 gr. 5 lb., and measures: chest 70in., round the waist 83in., and round the calf of the leg. His height is 6ft. 11in. Longley is a man of good education and good intelligence, and takes a great interest in public affairs. In the Jubilee year he was caused a telegram to be sent to him congratulating him on his good health, and the letter is to be seen framed and hung up in the bar parlour of the Star Inn, where Mr. Longley resides. Unfortunately, at the present time his state of health is not as good as his friends could desire.

A PLAGUE TO SOUTH LONDON.

At Southwark Police Court yesterday two boys named Newman and Snow, aged thirteen and twelve respectively, were remanded to a house of correction on a charge of stealing money from a shop in Cornwall-street, Waterloo-road. Prosecution, tobacco-merchant named Machin, said that shop was frequented by boys were so frequent that it was necessary to leave the shop unattended during the day. Samuel Thomas, thirteen, accused of stealing a shilling from a poor woman named Hart, was remanded to a home. It was stated that Hart was sent on the boy, who was cold and wet through the rain. He was sent on an errand and the shilling was lost one she had—and failed to return.

TCHIN-POMM-GI,
notable Korean who acts as minister to St.
Petersburg, where his duty of looking after his
country's interests will be no light task.

Chinese labour is a certainty; output was not disliked, inasmuch as the increase of 2,763 ounces. The labour scarcity was reflected by the news that the losses during the week were in excess of the natives' freshly recruited. Insurance shares were again rather weak as a result of the Baltimore fire losses. Once more all arms and shares were in favour. Dock stocks were in good demand, and quite a feature was a rise in Southwark Water

LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY AT THE SAVOY.



"The Love Birds" as seen through the spectacles of our artist and pictured by his pen.

(See also page 4).

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOS.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

"What Thou Doest, Do Quickly."

One thing that makes this war in the Far East, different from most other wars is that neither Russia nor Japan is fighting in its own country. As a rule, a nation which declares war against another has either to advance at once into the enemy's territory, as Germany did in 1870, or to be prepared to defend its own territory against invasion, as the Boers were in 1899. But in this case there is no fear of a Japanese invasion of Russia, and very little probability, whatever may happen, that Russia will be at all inclined to attempt an armed occupation of Japan, although Russian ships may try to bombard some Japanese coast towns. The land fighting will be done, for some time at any rate, either upon Korean or Chinese territory.

This will make it more difficult for either side to put an early end to the war. If Japan could send an army to invest St. Petersburg, or if Russia could hope to capture Tokio, the matter would be reduced to much greater simplicity, for as soon as the capital of one Power was in the hands of the other the latter would be able to dictate terms of peace, after the fashion of the Germans in 1871. But, as things stand, it is quite possible for the war to drag on a very long time, each side bringing up constant reinforcements and playing a game of military chess upon an illimitable board.

We do not think it probable that this will happen, for, as we said yesterday, Japan seems to be determined to get the job over quickly, if dash and efficient leadership can do it. But, considering that the Russians, although they are slow, are obstinate fighters, it is within the bounds of possibility that they

may keep their end up for a great many months.

Japan's best chance of gaining a speedy victory is to get rid of the Russian fleet. If she can do that, and, at the same time, prevent the Russians from adding largely to their land forces, the game will be hers. Now, the only way to check the flow of Russian reinforcements is for Japan to cut the line from Europe across Siberia to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, which Russia built at such enormous expense, with her eye upon the probability of such a war as this. There are several points at which the wrecking of a bridge or a viaduct would stop through traffic altogether, and make it exceedingly difficult for Russia to continue pouring men into Manchuria, and we must be prepared to hear any day of explosions at these points arranged by Japanese agents in disguise.

At all events, Japan's object on land will be to clear Manchuria of Russian troops, keeping at the same time a firm hold upon Korea. Supposing she succeeded in this, and that Russia even then would not admit defeat, her advance would continue into Russian territory until she found and defeated the remaining Russian armies. And that might, as we have indicated, prolong the war indefinitely, which would be a grave misfortune for the world.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The question of the hour is, "How much will the Bear bear?"

When two parties go to law over a matter of forage it is the lawyers who make most hay.

Some of our pro-Boer friends are trying to whitewash Russia. Their efforts are, however, in vain, as that country is busy getting herself Japanned.

While the torpedo flotilla was leaving Dover yesterday the Porcupine ran against the pier and smashed her bows. In this country we don't need to go to war to get our ships put on the sick list.

After the torpedoing at Port Arthur the Russians threw a lot of lumber including

ping-pong tables overboard. Apparently the ping-pong nets were up, all taut and ready; it was only the torpedo nets that had been forgotten.

It appears that the guns on British battle-ships are provided with two kinds of sights—one accurate, and the other inaccurate. That is where the Admiralty has the advantage over the War Office. The latter would have been certain to pin its faith to the inaccurate kind.

A New Brunswick senator, having cable congratulations to the Mikado, has received a reply. The unfortunate Monarch's act of politeness is likely to cost him dear. When he gets his fifteen-thousandth telegram from some comparatively obscure parish councillor he may begin to regret it.

We have no words strong enough to condemn the action of the men who caused so much public inconvenience by stealing post-office telegraph wires at Victoria Park. If they had only stolen telephone wires instead, the delay in "getting through" would probably not have been noticed for some weeks.

Limericks seeming to be all the fashion nowadays, readers of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* may be interested in the following, which has just arrived by cable from the Far East:—

There once was a bellicose bear,
Who demanded much more than his share.
When his smart little foe
Hit him hard on the nose
He complained that it wasn't quite fair.

A smart little Japanese fleet
Was informed it might suffer defeat,
But it learned every rule
In the Britisher's school,
And it didn't know how to retreat.

A strapping young fellow of six feet three has been charged at Stratford with being drunk and disorderly. A constable stated that he was "pitched and tossed about" by the prisoner, and the magistrate promptly inflicted a fine of ten shillings. Playing pitch and toss with "coppers" in the public street is, of course, a misdemeanour under the gambling Acts.

When Mr. Burns, of Putney, glowing with wrath, charged Mr. Snow, also of Putney, with attempting to enter his, Mr. Burns's, house, Mr. Snow maintained an icy demeanour. So Mr. Burns pommelled him, and afterwards, finding he had made a mistake, offered him an apology. But Mr. Snow refused to be melted, and it took sterling silver to the amount of seven shillings to settle the matter at the police-court. And yet some people want us to believe that life in suburbs is dull and uneventful.

JAPAN.

The Forces With Which the Plucky Little Jap is Fighting Russia.

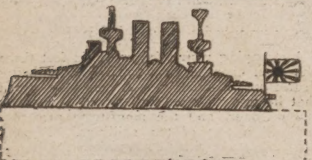
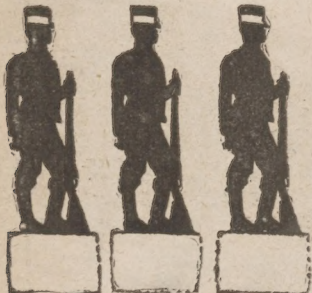
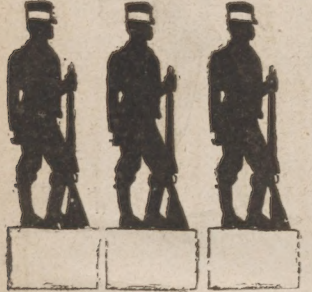
At the commencement of the war Japan had the predominance in naval strength. Her successes have further increased this. The Japanese fleet consists of seven battleships, six first-class cruisers, twenty-five other cruisers, and a torpedo fleet of 100 vessels.

There are also five old armoured ships, useful for defensive purposes.

The Japanese army consists of 500,000 trained men and 798 guns. The cavalry strength is only 10,000, and the horses are inferior.

Japan has reserve funds for war totalling about £10,000,000. Her credit, as a nation, is, however, excellent.

The population of Japan is 47,000,000.



THE "DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR"



By means of this map, and the men, ships, and flags attached, the course of events in the East may be accurate

STRATE

MIRROR " WAR GAME.



HOW TO PLAY THE WAR GAME.

To understand the daily progress of events in the Far East, it is essential to follow the different movements of the opposing forces on a good map. In order to enable readers of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" to do this, we have prepared a special map of the countries in which the war is being waged. The best way in which to use this map is to paste it upon cardboard, and to do the same with the figures representing Japanese and Russian troops and battleships. The figures are so drawn that, by bending over the dotted portion below each figure, they will stand upright. The flags can be best mounted on a fairly long pin, and should be used to mark bases of operation, permanent camps, and forts. These miniature armies and navies should be moved about each day as the war news is given in the columns of the "Mirror."

RUSSIA.

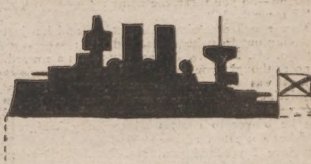
The Forces With Which She is Trying to Crush Japan.

Only a small part of Russia's enormous army of 5,000,000 men is available in the Far East, where at present there are about 200,000 men. This army can be reinforced from Europe at the rate of about 4,000 men per day by means of the Siberian railway.

The Russian fleet in the Far East at the present time consists of eight battleships, two first-class cruisers, eleven other cruisers, and a torpedo fleet of thirty vessels.

Of these two battleships are disabled, and one first-class cruiser and three other cruisers are shut up in Vladivostok.

Russia has a special reserve of money for war purposes of £92,000,000, and the treasure of the Church, which is said to be worth £100,000,000.



GHAI

course of events in the Far East may be accurately recorded from day to day. For how to mark the map see page 2.

OUR NEW FEUILLETON

THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By WILSON BARRETT, Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued).

A quiet, dignified smile and "Thank you" meant for their dismissal. "I have never crossed before. Shall I like it, or shall I not?"

"I hope you will, but you must expect to find it very different from America."

"Tell me in what way?"

"In everything that is distinctively American. We are of the same race, the same blood, we speak the same language, are ruled—broadly speaking—by the same laws; but we are older, more sedate, slower, more conservative, more true to our own traditions. The Englishman is too apt to say, 'What was good enough for my father is good enough for me.' The American asks himself, 'How can I go one better than my father?' An English manufacturer, if he sets up a plant of machinery, as a rule uses it until it is worn out. Of course there are many exceptions. The American only uses it until something better is invented. He is not going to let another man get ahead with better machinery. Out goes the old, and in comes the newest and best that is to be got for money. The man who does not move in America does not stand still, he goes back, as they say, 'Way back, way off.' Climate has much to do with the restless push and go of the Americans. The climate north, east, and west won't let a man sit still; he must keep moving. In the south, as you know, it is different. A man can sit still there, and too often he does. All the same, I love the south."

"I'm glad of that. I'm half southern. My father is a Virginian; my mother a New Englander."

"Is D'Olan a southern name?"

Mamie's eye twinkled as she replied:

"Not exactly, Mr. Landale. It's Irish."

"Irish—surely not?"

"Oh, but it is! It's simply Doolan, with an 'o' knocked out, and a hiatus and an apostrophe put in. It's simply D-o-o-l-a-n-a. And Mamie laughed merrily."

"Why was it changed—wasn't Doolan good enough?"

"Well, it was for papa; but mamma's mother said she would never give her consent to her daughter marrying an Irish name. Papa said he'd call himself 'Mud' or 'Dennis' rather than lose mamma. Grandmamma said she would compromise the matter; so we became big 'D's' apostrophe, 'O's'—that's 'D'Olan'."

"Why did you go to the mother of the Irish?"

"That's the joke. Because she was Irish herself. Her maiden name was Flanagan. Better than that, it was Bridget Flanagan. And better even than that, everybody called her Biddy till her dying day."

"So, really, you are Mary Doolan?"

"I guess so. But my friends call me Mamie."

"Amongst which three-blessed company I dare not consider myself included."

"Dare you not? You don't look like a coward, either, Mr. Landale. I don't like cowards."

"I am sure you could not dislike a coward even, Miss D'Olan."

"How?" she queried. This was an American "How" of Mamie's, equivalent to "What did you say?" or "What did you mean?"

"Did you hear Mamie say 'How' is to have missed one of the most musical intonations known in our day, pardon—in the American language."

"I said I did not think you were capable of disliking anything, very much."

"Don't you bet on that. There's a man over there whom I dislike very much indeed. No, don't look round yet; he's watching us."

"Let me go and kill him before lunch, Miss D'Olan," said Jack, with mock ferocity.

"No; let him live until dinner, and see how he behaves. But you don't seem to understand what I mean, Mr. Landale."

"About what?"

"Well, what we were talking about. Don't you see I'm just crazy to hear you call me Mamie?"

"Good gracious, May I?"

"I try to bear it if you do."

"Well, then, I think the name of Mary D'Olan very pretty, but I think Mamie Doolan too lovely for words."

"How do you mean the name?"

"I mean both."

Mamie looked at him with mischief and fun just bubbling out from her eyes, and said:

"No, Mr. Landale. I guess you're not a coward. I never thought you were."

Jack was thoughtful for a moment. He was wondering whether he was a coward or no in going on with his imposture; whether it would not be braver to confess all to Lady Walgrove and her daughter, and—

"Have I shocked you, Mr. Landale?" asked Mamie, apprehensively.

"No, no; please do not think that," answered Jack earnestly.

"If I have, forgive me, and remember I am an American girl. I would like you to be my friend. We have only five or six days in which to get acquainted. After this week we may never see each other again." Mamie's voice was not quite so firm as she could wish as she said this. "You are English. Had I not expressed a desire to know you better you would have thought it presumption on your part to do more than bow to me, or say 'good-morning,' and I should have lost a friendship I should like to gain. We should

have stood or sat staring at each other, like two figures in a waxwork museum. Do you forgive me?"

"Miss Doo—I mean, Miss Mamie, I am flattered by your good opinion, and I honour your frankness. Believe me that both are understood and shall be respected."

Mamie knew this perfectly well. Her quick woman's instinct had told her that, else had she never confided in him.

When Mamie went to her mother's cabin she looked so radiantly happy that her mother said:

"Why, Mamie, whatever is the matter? You're looking so bright. What's come along since you left me an hour ago?"

"You won't scold me if I tell you, will you?"

"Why, no, honey. Why should I?"

"Well," blushed Mamie, with her arms round her mother's neck, "let me whisper it to you ear. There's a man on that deck whom I would sooner have for a friend—than anyone I have ever met before."

Jack and Mamie had many opportunities for talking during the voyage, and the more they knew of each other the stronger became their mutual regard. As Mamie's nature unfolded itself Jack became deeply interested in her. But he had never forgotten Sibyl for a moment. A hundred times a day his hand went, with a caressing little pressure, to her portrait nestled in his breast pocket. He had been encouraged by Mamie to tell her something of his past life, and Tom had told her a great deal of his character and good qualities, all of which, although it came as no news, Mamie was delighted to hear. Mrs. D'Olan was much alarmed, at first, at Mamie's confession; but, after watching Jack very closely, and learning that he was the head of so good an old English family as the Landales, she grew to view the situation with more calmness, but with no less care for her daughter's happiness. She had every confidence in Mamie's discretion; still the possibility of her falling in love and her love not being returned to the full haunted and, at times, terrified her. She devoutly wished that her husband had accompanied them. He would have known so much better how to deal with the situation. Jack was a gentleman—she did not doubt that.

Meantime, how was it with Mamie? The girl had questioned herself often and anxiously. Certainly she felt for Jack a deeper feeling than any other man had yet inspired her with. Was it love? She was afraid it was. She could not quite confirm it yet. But she was destined to be quite sure within a very few hours.

That night, after dinner and the usual promenade on deck, they were standing leaning over the railing, watching the path of light the moon was making on the water, and Mamie had been confessing Jack to talk of himself. She had aroused his feelings strongly, and under this influence he had spoken so tenderly of his anxiety to be all that his mother and sister desired to find him, "that, when he said in all sincerity that he could 'never be worthy of the love that they were prepared to lavish on him,' Mamie said—

"But why do you say that, Mr. Landale?"

Jack started as if he had been stung. The name struck him like the lash of a whip.

"For pity's sake," he exclaimed, "don't call me by that name!"

"How?" asked Mamie, in surprise.

"I mean—don't say 'Mr. Landale' to me. Tell her with that hurt him, and he said:

"Well, you wished me to call you Mamie. Will you not call me, Jack?"

"Isn't that a little different?" she asked.

"How can it be different?"

"I don't know—but well—Mamie paused. She was gazing into the water, and he urged:

"Jack," Mamie murmured. Her heart fluttered. She knew it now. She loved the man into whose face she looked with a long, searching, earnest gaze. "Offering her hand, she said, 'Good-night, Jack.'"

He replied, "Good night, Miss Mamie," and then—

As Mamie went away Tom strolled up. He had seen the parting between the two, and the expression on Mamie's face as she passed under the electric light on her way to the saloon stairs; and it had startled him.

Jack was looking over into the sea as Tom placed his hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Well, Jack, old man, how goes it?"

"I don't know, Tom. Everything seems so different, so strange. I seem to have drifted into a new world. Everything that was hard and bitter seems to have vanished, and all that is beautiful and sweet has come about me."

"Have you anything else to tell me?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean, if it comes to that?" retorted Tom.

"Where, how?"

"Jack, don't jump down my throat if I say something, will you?"

"I won't jump down your throat, any way. What's the trouble?"

"Mamie."

"Mamie? What on earth do you mean?"

"Jack, if I didn't know you were as straight as a die, I should say you were acting on the Wednesday, have you seen her?"

"I am constrained to ask you—are you a benighted ass, or are you not?"

"Explain, Tom. Don't wobble in circles. Come to the point."

"Are you in love with Mamie?"

"Good heavens, no. What put that into your head?"

"Your conduct."

"My conduct—how?"

"Oh, come, Jack. Do you know that you have monopolised that lovely girl's company the whole of this voyage?"

"I have been with her a great deal, certainly. What then?"

"What then. That's exactly it. What then? That for you to answer—what then?"

"We are the best of friends, and I hope we ever shall be."

"That all?"

"Of course. What else?"

"Is that what Mamie says?"

"Not in so many words, but—that's what she means."

"Has it ever entered into your handsome, but, at times, thick head that it is within the bounds of possibility that that dear girl might—I only say might—fall in love with you?"

"God forbid," said Jack, so earnestly that Tom felt a cold thrill pass over him. He remembered Mamie's look of rapt happiness as she passed him. If ever the love-light shone in a woman's face, it shone in hers. He shuddered for her.

"Then I wish you'd never met her!"

Jack started in astonishment. The idea of Mamie's falling in love with him had never entered his head. Nor did he believe it now. Her friendship was most precious to him, but no other thought of her had suggested itself.

"Tom, old fellow, you are worrying without a cause. Mamie likes me as a friend. She has been too frank and free to be in love. We are just two good friends, nothing more. I am sure of it."

"Let us hope so," said Tom, mournfully. "I wouldn't have that dear girl unhappy for the world."

"No, nor I, old man," Jack exclaimed heartily. "God bless her. She should know nothing but happiness."

Some time next day they were to sight the coast of Ireland. About seven o'clock in the evening was the time anticipated; but some would-be clever person had circulated the report in the steerage, where many returning Irish emigrants had taken passage, that it would be seen at five in the morning. It was a stupid, cruel joke. At daybreak all the Irish were on deck, straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of their own dear native land. Hour after hour passed, and yet no sight of it.

"Maybe it's missin' it'll be afther," moaned a poor old woman, who, with her white head enveloped in a plaid shawl, had been looking for it since daybreak.

"Missin' is it, mother darlint?" said her daughter, and the captain, glory be his beil, dashed across the water like his walk up yonder on the bridge. "Och, it's nonsense you do be puttin' out at us."

"Musha, but it'll break me heart to give old Ireland the go-by, afther the weary years since I saw the green turf uv her," whimpered the old woman.

"At mother, dear, is it the captain y'd be doubtin'?" Or maybe he thinks Father Moriarty, the good man standin' there watchin' for her green cliffs, 'ud be loikely to let us pass her unbeknownst?"

"But they told me five in the morning I'd be seein' her, and it's now twelve, if it's a minute. Will we be askin' his reverence, if yer please, sir," she said, turning to a steward mounting the stairs to the promenade deck, "when we'll be seein' Queenstown?"

"I needn't ask him, mother. He'll not know more than we do. It may be any time this afternoon. We can't say."

"But, mother, I'm weary for the sight of her," said the poor old soul.

"It was near five o'clock before the call came: 'Land ahead!' Men sprang into the rigging, women crowded to the bulwarks, some holding up children to get a view of the land where their parents were born, but which they had never seen. The sun was setting over the west coast when they came to a short halt, and once again Jack heard them say, 'God bless her, the old country—the old mother—God bless her! Oh, glory to the sowl of the good ship as has brought us! And, with many a lifting up of hands and many a choking sob, the wanderers greeted the dear little island where stood the poor mud cabins that saw their births, and on whose green bosom they were cradled."

Jack looked at Father Moriarty, and saw the tears streaming down his kindly face.

"Have you been long away, Father?" he asked.

"Ten long years, Mr. Landale. God save me, but she's as beautiful as I always thought her," he said, waving his hands towards the cliffs and the emerald shen of the grass beyond. "You're beautiful mavourneen, God be praised—Erin aushla machree, but you're beautiful, and God's been very good to me to let my old eyes behold your loveliness once more."

Jack had passed the greater part of the night in thinking over what Tom had said. He was the least vain of men; and the thought that everyone who spoke to him in friendliness was, of necessity, in love with him; was not possible to his nature. He still believed Tom to be mistaken. Anyway, he would not render the thing more possible by being so much in Mamie's company as heretofore; and, after a little chat in the morning, he had kept out of her way.

Calling Tom to him, he said:

"Tom, old man, I shall get off at Queenstown and go by Holyhead to Landale. They will not look for me until Thursday. We can be there on Wednesday, have a look round, and see how the land lies. We may in a few hours learn many things of the old place and the people that may be of infinite service. What do you say?"

"Great idea!" Tom answered. "But what?"

"But what?"

"Have you told Mamie?"

"No. But, if, in what you said last night there lies the least possible grain of fact, it is for her good that I go, so."

"Yes, I suppose so, but—Tom hesitated."

"But what?"

"Oh, hang it—that's all. I'll go down and tell Wong to get our small baggage ready to land, and

you go and tell Mamie you leave the boat at Queenstown."

Mamie had not understood Jack's absence from her side all day, and had, in fact, been a little pained by it; but she had attached no serious meaning to it. She had been pestered all day with the crowd who habitually tried to press themselves upon her notice, and she attributed Jack's non-attendance to a desire not to unduly thrust himself upon her. She was little prepared to hear him say, when he strolled to her side:

"I am getting off at Queenstown, Miss Mamie, and so shall have to say good-bye."

Mamie's heart stood still for a moment. She could not speak; and Jack continued:

"You see, the mother"—he could not bring himself out to say "my mother"—"and sister with me going, will be anxious. We shall save a day by waiting to Holyhead, and—and so—well, I thought it would be better. You see that, don't you?"

Mamie was not a coward, and, though she winced within herself, she said bravely enough:

"Yes, of course; it is only natural. You must be terribly anxious to see your mother and sister. Every minute must seem hours to you. I hope you will be well. When do they expect to reach Queenstown?"

"About ten o'clock, they tell me."

"Well, I shall be up to see you off, Mr. Landale," said Mamie. "And now—now—I'll just run along and tell mother—that—that—we are to lose you—lose you—to-day. And Mamie, with a smiling face, but with a sinking at the heart as she had never felt until this moment, hurried to her mother's cabin."

At ten o'clock, the Majestic was at anchor in Queenstown harbor. The tender, looking small and insignificant beside the monster liner, was alongside. Jack's baggage was aboard it, and he turned to find Mamie, to take his leave of her.

"We shall meet again, Miss Mamie."

"Of course," she answered. "I shall—that is, we shall be only too pleased. We are to stay at the Carlton until papa comes over."

"You'll call when in London, I hope, Mr. Landale," asked Mrs. D'Olan. "We shall always be delighted to see you."

The tug whistle sounded for the last time, and, with a hurried "Good-bye," Jack and Tom went down the gangway to her, and were soon lost in the darkness.

The Majestic steamed out of the harbour, and Mamie, with a strange, unaccustomed sense of loneliness, stood at the spot where she had talked with Jack the night before, staring down at the sea.

CHAPTER XXIV. At Landale Abbey.

There are many larger, but few more beautiful ancestral homes in England than Landale Abbey. It was built in Queen Elizabeth's time on the brow of a hill that seems to overlook half a county. It has quaint gables and porches are covered with creepers, resplendently beautiful, in full flower. In front of the house is a magnificent garden, now just with early spring blossoms. The roses were just bursting into bloom, and there were roses everywhere. There had been a heavy fall of dew in the morning, followed by brilliant sunshine in the afternoon, and this had drawn out the perfume of the flowers, the air being filled with it. The sky was bright blue, the birds were strutting and singing, the bees were busy in the distance with their music. The bees buzzed in contented toil around and in the myriads of blossoms. A flock of rooks sailed lazily over the plantation at the back of the house, and the calling to each other the orders and cooing, with day. Some doves were strutting and cooing, with sleek, well-kept plumage, round the margin of the fish-ponds on the terrace below. A noble, English-coated St. Bernard dog paced, with slow dignity, along the upper terrace, sniffing the air looking along with grave eyes around him, as if he owned the property, and was seeing that it was well cared for. A leaded window, bearing in its centre a stained glass, the crest and motto of the house, was opened, and the face of a young girl appeared. It was a face with all the loveliness of a refined English lady.

"What is it, you impatient old thing? What's the matter, Barry, eh?" she asked.

The dog gave a little romp of pleasure, and lashed his tail in delight.

"Come down, well, I am coming down; but I'm quite sure you're before your time, sir. Take that!" And she pelted him with a large piece of sugar, which he crunched and swallowed, with a sleek cat that came at the sound of her voice, mewed in recognition. "Ah, you too, Toonsies; nice pair of tyrants you are! Well, there's some for you, too. I'm coming. Wait a minute."

The girl disappeared from the window, and the dog and the cat scampered along the terrace to the porch to meet her. It was Sibyl—the original of the portrait Jack had so carefully guarded since the night he took it from the breast of his dead friend in Woollogoolonga Gully. She soon appeared, a vision of radiant beauty—for very beautiful was she—on the steps of a large crepe; the body of the dress was cut with a clever compromise, All between modern dress and Grecian anywhere, delicately simple; not a touch of colour anywhere, save in the peach bloom of her hair and cheeks and the ruby-red of her full lips. Her hair was perfect. Her gown, arranged in the Greek fashion, was graceful, like a young Greek goddess, endeavouring to conform to the exigencies of modern fashion.

She looked at the dog and the cat, and said: "Wait a minute. I'll be back in a moment."

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PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY MARRIED.

Charming Girl Bride Looks Dazzlingly Happy on Her Wedding Day.

The grey old castle of Windsor, itself a city on a stone-ribbed, immense, symbolic of the pride, power, and wealth of a great Empire, looked on from flooded fields, a swollen river, on Tuesday last. Dark, rain-beaten, it brooded over the valley.

Yesterday morning the sun broke through the clouds, and the submerged fields, and made them green of silver. It woke a sleeping Princess, who within the castle walls, and bade her rise, fully and tearfully, yet, most of all, joyfully, yesterday was her wedding-morn.

She looked out of her chamber window, and down the courtyard she espied the scarlet of the Coldstream Guards' Band, that had come to rouse her to a merry air.

In the town of Windsor all was bunting, music, the pealing of church bells. The citizens were by all ways, dressed in their gayest clothes. They wore flags, cloths of crimson, yellow, and blue, and festoons.

From the state entrance to the Castle to the west of the town, to St. George's Chapel, where Princess Albany was to be wedded to Prince Teck, is but a few hundred yards, and that the route was so short kept away the sightseers, and left plenty of space for the inhabitants of the royal borough and surrounding districts. So that when the young Princess came, she was surrounded by people who had known and loved her all her life.

How They Came.

Between the station and St. George's Chapel there was a coming and going of royal carriages the morning. Guests had trooped down from London by special train, and his Majesty's gentlemen were waiting for them, ready to conduct them to their seats in the choir.

The Coldstream Guards' Band still made music, and church bells pealed, and the Castle's birds chattered joyously as though spring were once more in the air. Also a supposed lunatic came out of the castle, and flourished a sword-stick in the face of the constables. He was removed.

No troops were present, a private and not a state guard. The Hill was a crowd of young faces. The boys, full of mischief and requiring more than all the rest of the crowd to check their curiosity of spirit, were on the one side; on the other, girls from St. Stephen's College and the High Lads' Brigade. The officer in charge of the troops, smilingly supplied the comedy of the day.

"The man with the voice," the Eton boys called him, and greeted his stentorian orders with a loud laughter.

When the young people found use for their eyes, the Prince and Princess of Wales with their two eldest sons, eager-faced boys in Scotch kilts; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Arthur, all almost personal friends of the bride and groom, came in a state carriage with three smiling, happy ladies and sisters—the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, H.M. the Duchess of Württemberg, and the bride's mother, the Duchess of Albany. Then came the bridesmaids, and just before the bride, their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by a travelling party of Life Guards.

The King in Good Health.

The King looked in wonderfully good health, and as beautiful as ever, wrapped in an ermine cloak, with just a glimpse of her sequined gown showing, and her amethyst and diamond necklace.

Their Majesties were forgotten for a moment when the bride passed, a vision of lovely girlhood in her bridal array, as sweet and white as the snow on her bouquet. With her was her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a slight, fair-haired man, who seemed hardly able to take his eyes off his sister.

One of the most beautiful Princess I have ever seen, said the Eton boy, much experienced in royal marriages, and the crowd cheered in the old grey old Castle walls rang with the shout.

The scene was one of dazzling brilliancy. The men were in uniform, with the ladies in their orders, or else in Court or levee dress. The ladies were in demi-toilette, and wore their choicest jewels, the splendid tiara of the Duchess of Devonshire being especially notable.

First came the great officers of the household, the members of the royal and princely families, and the King and Queen, her Majesty's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Albany, and the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, and then came the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duchess of Württemberg, and the bride's mother, the Duchess of Albany. Then came the bridesmaids, and just before the bride, their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by a travelling party of Life Guards.

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THE ROYAL COUPLE COME DOWN THE AISLE.



The Princess Alice, as the newly-made wife of Prince Alexander, passes down the aisle of St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle with her arm in his. It was her first walk with her husband.

Teck, and a tiara of diamond wheatears, both the gifts of the bridegroom, was conducted to the altar by her brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Behind her came the five bridesmaids, the two grown-up, Connaught Princesses, and Princess Mary of Wales, Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and Princess May of Teck—three delightful little fairy Princesses in pale blue.

The little ones carried the bride's train. In their hair they wore forget-me-nots and a single spray of white heather "for luck."

Prince Alexander, standing beside the best man, his brother, Prince Francis, looked tall, handsome, and soldierly.

All being now in readiness for the marriage ceremony, the Archbishop proceeded to perform the service. The sunlight streamed in through the stained-glass windows imparting a singular beauty to the gorgeous scene.

The Princess made her responses with a remarkable clearness, and in a low, sweet voice. Prince Alexander's replies were firm and unembarrassed.

The bride was given away by the King, and Prince Alexander placed the ring on her finger without mishap.

Then followed the noble anthem, "Lift up thine eyes," beautifully rendered by the choir. The Primate gave an appropriate and eloquent address. The hymn, "O, Perfect Love," was sung, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" resounded

through the building after the Princess had been embraced and wept over like any ordinary bride.

Looking pleased and happy, an arm in her husband's, she smiled and bowed to right and left as the procession passed through the nave; and so to the western door, where carriages were in waiting.

"The happiest bride ever seen," said everyone when the procession returned headed by the bride and bridegroom's carriage. Absolutely radiant, her eyes shining and her face rosy with blushes, H.R.H. Princess Alice of Teck bowed to right and left, now and then glancing at her husband and laughing for very joy.

No wonder the young people round cheered her; no wonder the bells rang merrily; and no wonder the King and Queen of England looked equally joyful as they drove after their young niece to receive their guests.

The marriage register was signed in the white drawing-room at the Castle, and witnessed by the King and Queen and twenty other royalties.

At the wedding-breakfast only two toasts were proposed: "The bride and bridegroom" and "The King."

About half-past three Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, amid a shower of rice and satin slippers, drove away in an open landau, with postillions and outriders, through lines of cheering spectators, to the railway station. There a special train was in readiness to take them to Brocket Hall.

Hatfield, lent by Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen for the honeymoon.

Standing beside her husband in the saloon carriage, and waving her hand to the assembled people, her Royal Highness the bride started for her honeymoon the ideal of happy girlhood.

At night the King gave a grand banquet in the St. George's Hall in honour of the wedding guests assembled at Windsor for yesterday's ceremony.

A WHITE AND SILVER WEDDING.

One of the prettiest weddings of the winter took place, early yesterday morning, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, when Lady Florence Bridgeman, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Bradford, was married to Mr. Ronald Norman, secretary to the Lord Chancellor.

White and silver predominated; the four bridesmaids, dressed in white, wore silver belts and shoes, snowdrop wreaths in their hair, and carried nosegays of the same small flowers.

White flowers were massed on the altar, white and silver favours were distributed to the guests, and the bride herself, tall, fair, and stately, was in the softest of white dresses, with touches of silver and a glittering diamond necklace.

PEOPLE PROMINENT IN CURRENT NEWS.

MORE RAIN EXPECTED.

Dismal Prophecy by an Expert. A Weather Theory.

There is very little hope of fine, dry weather during 1904, and there is every probability that the rainfall and general atmospheric moisture will far exceed the record made in 1903.

That is if the basis on which Dr. W. G. Lockyer, son of Sir Norman Lockyer, is now working proves, so to speak, to hold water at all.

Yesterday a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative found him at work on his theory, which



MR. A. C. NICOLL.

He is a solicitor of Dundee, and has just returned to his father's home at Tayport, Fifeshire, after a mysterious absence since November last. It was thought that he was drowned. He will write a book, his sister says, about his strange holiday.

(Photo by Davis.)

he hopes will enable weather prophets to predict the rainfall of the immediate future with some degree of accuracy.

"You find me in the very midst of my calculations, and I will try to explain how little we know at present," he said, hopefully, as he flitted from

sure is high or low. To a great extent the amount of rain falling in certain localities is accounted for by the passage of cyclones, and a cyclone means low pressure. The cyclone is sandwiched between two anti-cyclones of high pressure atmospheric disturbances, and is borne by them in a northerly or southerly direction. Therefore, a cyclone may



MISS ETHEL GERARD.

The only sister of Lord Gerard. She marries Baron de Forest to-day at Garswood, in Lancashire. See page 13. (Langier, Photo by)

move over the south of England at one time and the north at another, bringing with it rain."

Dr. Lockyer states that the rainfall exactly corresponds with the low-pressure disturbances, and that a chart of the rainfall curve turned upside down is similar in every detail to the low-pressure chart. Therefore the cyclone causes rain, and in the making of the cyclone the sun has something to say, but how much or how little nobody knows.

There is only a certain amount of constant atmosphere surrounding the world, and when there is high pressure in one part of the earth there must be corresponding low pressure in another. Our atmospheric conditions are very much influenced by those in India; if India has low or high pres-

THREE TIBETAN NUNS.



In the monasteries of Tibet there is an air of mystery which centres in Lhasa, where the chiefest monk of them all, the Dalai Lama, lives. The country is completely under religious dominance, and therefore full of fanatics, monks, and nuns.

diagram to map, and from map to long lists of mysterious figures. "As a matter of fact, we know nothing about the weather—nothing at all." The rainfall, it seems, is regulated by atmospheric pressure, and varies according as the pres-



SENATOR HANNA.

The Joseph Chamberlain of American politics still lingers between life and death. He is a millionaire, and the "President-maker" of the Republican party.

sure we probably have the same, tempered by disturbances from South America. The rain curve in India is now moving upward and the pressure is below the average, and from this Dr. Lockyer deduces his prophecy of a very rainy 1904. The year has started well, anyway, for in the first eight days of February has been crowded an average February's rain.

Last year beat any London record for rainfall easily, since records were first kept by the Meteorological Office in 1869. The previous highest record was 31.99 inches in 1879, against 37.93 inches in 1903, while the average for the last thirty-five years is 24.38 inches. The driest year was 1884, with only 17 inches of rain, and most people will be surprised to hear that the eight years preceding 1902 were exceptionally dry ones.

We thought we had a rainy year in London, but people from the provinces could prove that from their point of view we had a dry one. The Glasgow average is 39.77, Falmouth 46.74, and Plymouth 37 inches.

The extremes were at Higham, in Kent, where only 15 inches fell, and on the top of Ben Nevis, where 137 inches were measured.

The driest towns in the kingdom are Clacton, Shoeburyness, Felixstowe, and Cromer, and they ought to do well during the summer holidays by advertising the fact.

But the London rainfall concerns us most, not only because of the discomfort of wet weather, but because it has a disastrous effect on trade. People won't buy new clothes, and, complained a manager of one firm, they won't even buy mackintoshes to keep their old ones dry now. On a wet day the shops are empty, and only those who are obliged to go out do so, and then hurry home as quickly as they can. Nobody stops

ART IN THE CAMERA.



A beautiful sitter, whose portrait is an ornament to any collection of photographs.

FLOODS AT WINDSOR.



The famous Bells of Ousely Inn, on the London road, near Windsor, is suffering from the flood in the Thames Valley. Omnibuses and carts wade through the water along the high road.

about to buy the little luxuries of life. Hair-dressers, manicurists, florists, jewellers, all tell the same tale. Picture galleries and concerts suffer, and even theatre managers say the rain keeps people away, while City the rain the excuse for their failures.

MOTOR CABS ON THE PARIS STREETS.



One of the new motor cabs which the Urbaine Company are putting on the streets of Paris. They hold three persons inside (four with a squeeze), and one beside the driver. In view of the recommendations made to the London Traffic Commissioners by experts witnesses our streets might be the better for the same sort of service.

A LANCASHIRE WEDDING.

What a Beautiful Bride and her Attendant
Maids Will Wear To-day.

The dress of a bride is usually of pure white, but Miss Gerard's, who to-day marries Baron de Forest of Barrow, Lancashire, will be a brilliant vision of silver and white, for her marriage toilette is made of cloth of silver lightly veiled as regards the skirt and bodice with white chiffon, but as regards the Court train, which is hung from both shoulders, not so-draped, but left a dazzling mass of shimmering silver tissue with a lining of white chiffon.

Defiance of Superstition.

Miss Gerard, who was born in May, has adopted the may blossom as her favourite flower, and is, therefore, wearing, despite superstition, much hawthorn blossom as well as orange flowers upon her wedding dress. The bodice, as will be seen in the sketch, is very prettily arranged, and while it is not excessively pouched, a clear chemisette extends above the fichu of fine Duchesse lace up to the throat, and the sleeves are transparent puffs of chiffon to match.

The eldest of Miss Gerard's bridesmaids is only sixteen, and the majority are tiny children. All the maids will wear full white chiffon gowns, posed in white satin, with little sleeveless boleros of the same glaze silk, fastened with diamond buttons over full chiffon bodices. On their heads they are to wear wreaths of may-blossom and round their blue shoes. The tiniest bridesmaid of all is to be dressed in a quaint white satin dress copied from a picture of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.

Not Black Sables Mean.

Miss Gerard received, as well as many presents of precious jewels from her husband to be, a magnificent set of Russian sables, called black, but in reality not dark enough to merit that title, though, of the very best Russian sables, they are very dark, and resemble mould in colour after it has been saturated by rain. Amongst her most picturesque dresses are a turquoise blue satin evening gown draped with mousseline de soie and cream tulle, and an exquisite dinner dress of pink chiffon and water trimmed with sable and rare lace.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING.

A Profession and a Pastime for Deft Fingers.

There was a time when artificial flowers were not used or more fashionable. Hats are completely, but massed in ruffles and to edge of frills, it is to the wonderfully exact imitation of nature which has been attained during the last year that this popularity is due. Some men wear in their evening coats artificial carnations that absolutely defy detection.

Flower Formation is Taught.

It is the making of these flowers is an art requiring a gift for colour, and in which some knowledge of botany is not advantageous, if not essential. It is not surprising to hear that ladies are now learning it up professionally.

Miss Brown, at Artillery-mansions, Victoria, has many pupils. A course of twelve lessons only costs a guinea, and during these as many as six or eight different flowers may be learnt. There is a lady who has studied the art in France, where, of course, it has reached perfection, and she pays periodical visits there to discover the latest in the bloom of the season, and in what manner it has been arranged by the Parisian florists. The materials of which the flowers are composed come from Paris. Even the aniline dyes used in their colouring have to be imported in large quantities.

Technicalities of the Handicraft.

The flowers are made of specially-prepared and prepared muslin, velvet, or muslin, and the petals are cut out of eight thicknesses of the material. For instance, costs twelve shillings in London, though it was found it could not be copied under thirty shillings!). Miss Brown has invented a cheaper substitute for the petals based on brown paper. From this a pattern is made; that is placed on four thicknesses of material and outlined with pencil. The petals are then cut out with a pair of scissors. The most essential detail of the course is to dip the petals in spirit and water in order to make the petals pliable. These are applied with a camel's hair brush, though the aniline dyes which are used do not stain the hands. After the petals have been placed on a slab of indiarubber for the marking of the veins. All the petals are cut on the cross, so that in the case of poppies, buttercups, and so

MISS GERARD MARRIES BARON DE FOREST TO-DAY



The bride of to-day departs in some degree from the usual rule by wearing much silver instead of pure white. Her train is all of cloth of silver, save for scarves of chiffon and trails of may blossom, and the rest of her gown is of silver tissue veiled with chiffon and Duchesse lace.

do not stain the hands. After the petals have been placed on a slab of indiarubber for the marking of the veins. All the petals are cut on the cross, so that in the case of poppies, buttercups, and so

being placed on a slab of indiarubber for the marking of the veins. All the petals are cut on the cross, so that in the case of poppies, buttercups, and so

on, the material may be stretched into a cup shape. Pupils are encouraged to study and keep by them a botany book, in which a specimen of each of the flowers they have made is gummed, and by it is written an account of the number and size of the petals and stamens, and any other details. Violets always form the subject of the initial lesson, and the very first flowers made are frequently sold by a pupil. One lady who lived in the country and had a lovely garden always brought some roses out of it to her lesson to use as models. During her first three months' apprenticeship to the art she made £20, and is now largely supporting a cripple protégé by her work. The school very often receives hurried requests from the best dressmakers and milliners for flowers to match special colours. These can be made for them in a day, thus avoiding a delay of several weeks while the order is being executed in Paris. An expert has expressed his opinion that the blossoms made here are not only equal to, but better than some of those sent from France.

What a Duchess Has Done.

In a recent number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" the Duchess of Sutherland related how she has introduced flower-making among the members of the Potteries and Newcastle Cripples' Guild. Her kind heart, touched by the many tragedies of crippled lives to be found surrounding her lovely home at Trentham, has devised this means of brightening them by a most fascinating and engrossing occupation.

Another idea which has been started is The Parisian Flower Atelier, a scheme for the employment of women who have been in inebriate homes. Lack of occupation is such a frequent cause of relapse. Funds are needed for this admirable work in order to start a house where the pupils may board.

THE DAILY TIME SAVER.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 250.—HAM OMELET.

INGREDIENTS:—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked ham, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, one ounce of butter.

Break the eggs into a basin, add to them the pepper and salt and whisk them slightly, then add the ham.

Melt the butter in the chafing-dish; when it is bubbling pour in the egg mixture and stir it round well with a wooden spoon. When the omelet begins to set tip the chafing-dish towards you and scrape all the mixture towards one side of the dish, shaping it a little with a spoon; in about ten seconds roll it over to cook the other side a pale brown. The inside should be soft and creamy. Serve at once.

No. 251.—MACARONI A LA PAYSANNE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of ribbon macaroni ("lasagne"), one and a half quart of stock, one and a half ounces of butter, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, one gill of brown sauce, six olives, salt, pepper.

Break the macaroni in convenient lengths. Put it into the boiling stock, and cook it till soft. Drain off the stock; put the butter in a clean pan, melt it, and the macaroni and thinly sliced olives, and cook for five minutes, stirring lightly. Add the grated cheese and sauce, season it well, and toss with two spoons in the pan over the fire till it is very hot. Serve on a very hot dish, with thin fingers of crisp toast.

Cost 1s. 8d. for six portions.

PETER JONES, Ltd.,
SLOANE SQUARE, S.W.

GREAT WINTER SALE.

TO-MORROW (FRIDAY), FEB. 12,
GREAT HALF-PRICE REMNANT DAY.

TO-MORROW (FRIDAY),
ALL REMNANTS HALF PRICE.

Doors open at Ten o'clock.
Peter Jones' Establishment
is within easy radius of all
Western and South Western
Districts.

PETER JONES, Ltd., Sloane Square, S.W.

EIGHTH WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

THE FOURTH AND LAST COUPON.

£25 in Cash, and Ten Handsome Portland Bridge Boxes, in Morocco, completely fitted, solid silver mounts, each of the value of One Guinea.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

Fill out the fourth and last coupon (D), which you find on this page. Fill in your reply and send it to the Editor. Do the same with the three previous coupons (A, B, and C), which appeared on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. You must send a separate sheet of paper, also signed with your name, giving the text of your reply to Coupon D, and add any notes or explanations which you may wish to put into account in deciding the award. Put all four coupons together and enclose them

to the "Bridge Editor, Daily Illustrated Mirror, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C." in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 8. All solutions must reach our office not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, February 15th, and no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final.

The prizes will be TWENTY POUNDS in cash, and ten Portland Bridge Cases, as described above.

The award of the Seventh Weekly Bridge Competition will be published to-morrow.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 8.—COUPON D.

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North.

West.

East.

South.

THIS COUPON

represents the ending of an actual game at Double-Dummy Bridge. It was a left diamond call, and South has the lead. Give what you think may have been the original hands, and say who dealt. Also write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:

NS. win tricks.

EW. win tricks.

Name.....

Address.....

PEDIGREE PETS.

Canine House of Lords Meets at the Agricultural Hall.

Every dog has his day. A good many dogs had theirs yesterday, for it was the first day of the Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

The whole hall was full of them, not to mention the gallery and another hall which would be more than large enough to hold an ordinary dog show. It was not necessary to go into the hall, or even look at the posters outside, to know that there was a dog show going on. They made themselves manifest, and the bus and tram horses, as they



This canine curiosity emulates the lady whose glory was her hair. It is placed on a pedestal the better to exhibit its amazing long coat. It resents any inquiry couched in terms of "Tatcho."



This canine curiosity emulates the lady whose glory was her hair. It is placed on a pedestal the better to exhibit its amazing long coat. It resents any inquiry couched in terms of "Tatcho."

coloured curtains, stood in neat rows on long tables. On the floor of each little house, a cushion, and on each cushion a well-behaved little dog. Some of them had fur rugs, some eiderdown quilts; all had blankets. A few even indulged in silver-backed hairbrushes and combs. Nor were

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



Beauty, in the shape of a Russian Borzoi, a delicate dog with long and graceful lines, was shown by the Beast (we apologise for the term—it is metaphorical), an unpromising navy of the truly solid type.

on the benches or in the small wire houses which were specially reserved for the delicately nurtured dogs sat in dignified silence, except for an occasional deep and single note. The passing pat on the head and many blue ribbons.

The bull terrier, while the ever excitable collies snapped and growled as only collies can. The bulldogs snarled and took any interest in the proceedings. For their noise and tumult the terriers, of which there were a great many, were not so much as they seemed. They tried to bark and occasionally succeeded. When they barked and anything else to attack they worried the bull terriers.

The bull terrier was a very different place. The connoisseurs and the Sunday-school book. The wire cages, all prettily lined with

WHAT'S WRONG?

One of the most useful faculties in life, and at the same time one of the rarest, is the faculty of correct observation.

How often do you meet a friend and note some change in his appearance without being able to tell exactly what it is? That is the result of defective observation.

How often, when something untoward has happened, have you looked back over the chain of events and seen how you could have avoided misfortune or disaster if only you had seen the signs when they first appeared? That you did not see them was the result of defective observation, and defective observation is, to a large extent, the result of carelessness.

YOU ARE BORN

With great powers of observation, but you allow them to decay for want of use. You do not train the eye to take in facts and the intelligence to draw inference from them. You are not

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

The creation of that marvellous man was suggested to Sir Conan Doyle by his acquaintance with Dr. Joseph Bell, a noted physician of Edinburgh, who always preached to his students—of whom Sir Conan Doyle was one—the value first of accurate observation, second of correct inference.

Dr. Bell could examine all the patients at the hospital, and in nearly every case—sometimes from tricks of manner, sometimes by callosities on the hands, or marks on the clothes—could denote their calling in life.

YOU CANNOT

At once do all that this wonderful doctor can do, but you can make a start. Practise your power of observation. We are going to help you by giving you the opportunity, providing the reward.

Look at the pictures in Sunday's "WEEKLY DISPATCH," and try if you can

SEE WHAT'S WRONG.

The Series of Pictures will commence in the next issue. You have only to examine them and point out in what little detail each picture is wrong, and there are large money prizes for you.

A SIMPLE COMPETITION WITH BIG PRIZES.

ORDER SUNDAY'S

'WEEKLY DISPATCH'

TO-DAY.

The only WEEKLY PAPER with

SPECIAL WAR NEWS

From its Own Correspondents.

IF YOU WANT THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE WAR, ORDER

Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch"

TO-DAY.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SERVANTS AND SITUATIONS.—It is a question whether it is more difficult to get good servants or to find good situations. The risk employers and employed run every time a change is made is greater than one remembers. The Bond-street Bureau never fail to suit, and the present position of affairs is such that the Bureau, and as many situations open. No charge of any sort to servants. Employers charged 3d. in the £1 on the first week's wages, which is fully repaid. Apply The Bond-street Bureau, 45 and 46, New Bond-street, W.

Menservants.

ATTENDANT (male) requires engagement; invalid or otherwise.—S. Oak-croft, Ripley, Surrey.

BUTLER, age 35; abstainer; £75; excellent references; disengaged.—Write C. 120, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER, age 40, £45.—Write C. 121, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER; £55; 12 years' references.—Write C. 122, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

CARRIAGE-GROOM: age 21; 5ft. 7in.; £30; disengaged.—Write C. 125, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN, age 52, 5ft. 7in.; £28-30; good references.—Write C. 123, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN (married); age 39, 5ft. 6in.; 25s.—Write C. 124, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GROOM: £18; 5ft. 5in.; good references.—Write C. 126, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-BOY, and to assist butler; good references; disengaged.—Write C. 128, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

VALET, and attendant on invalid; doctor's references: age 30; £52.—Write C. 130, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK (good plain) or Cook-Housekeeper; small family; good references.—P. 2, Gislebush, Upper Holloway.

COOK (good); £60; well recommended.—Write B. 250, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); in town; £40 to £45; good references.—Write B. 249, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (lady); personally recommended.—Write B. 246, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); in town; £30; all found.—Write B. 247, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL and Housemaid (friends); quiet family; Streatham or Croydon.—Write Y. 140, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeeper.

HOUSEKEEPER (superior working); age 38; £25; cooking, needlework; 7 years' personal character.—Write C. 129, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS or Companion desires re-engagement; recommended; nurse; large family; stable salary.—Write 1058, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (nurses) or Companion; £30; music; French; good needlework.—Write C. 131, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurse.

NURSE; 32; £30 to £35; good references.—B. 242, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (head of three); age 29; £26-£28; town; Write B. 161, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID (second of three); age 21; £23; town.—Write B. 162, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID (upper of two); £24-£26; town preferred.—Write B. 163, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

DRESSMAKER; good cutter, fitter; clever in renovating; ladies' house or home.—Miss Gavey, 98, Finsbury Park-road, N.

DRESSMAKING, or any needlework, at ladies' houses.—E. Knowles, 160, Bathurst-gardens, Kensal Rise, N.W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Menservants.

COACHMAN (for country and town); married; no engagements.—Write C. 127, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER-VALET, for chambers in town; interview 12 o'clock.—Write Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK (good), in country; £30; four in family; four servants.—Write B. 243, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain), in town; four in family; three servants kept; £30.—Write B. 245, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (plain), for country; three servants kept; £24 to £26.—Write B. 244, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL for February 22; wages £20; small family.—Write Y. 1, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL (good); about 25; four in family; house-parlourmaid kept.—B. Weiden, Regent.

COOKS WANTED—A little book "Try it" by Mrs. Humphry Madge, of "Truth", showing how to make dainty dishes, with a saving in time and money, will be forwarded post free to any address, along with a sample of Freeman's Delicious Custard Powder and particulars of special free offer of a pair of Don't's superior Kid Gloves, and a set of six handsome Custard Glasses. This exceptional offer may not be repeated, so all housewives, housekeepers, and cooks are invited to write at once (a postcard will do) to Freeman's "Try it" Factory, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

General Servants.

GENERAL (good) wanted; foreign preferred; at once; little plain cooking; wages £18.—Write Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL Servant (good) wanted; small family.—42, Melrose-garden, Shepherd's-bush-road.

GENERAL Servant (good) wanted, who can do plain cooking; wages £18-£16.—App. Mrs. Davies, 11, Jackson's-lane, Highbury.

GENERAL Servant wanted at once; wages £14-£16; New Bond-street.—Write Y. L., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL Servant wanted, for South Croydon; wages £18-£16; two in family; small house; plain cooking.—Write Y. M., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL wanted, to work along with another; wages £18-£16; must be healthy.—Write Y. U., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (young) wanted at once; wages £20; two in family; no washing; little plain cooking.—Write Y. G., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Parlourmaid.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted; £18-£22, £22-£24. A little washing.—Write S. 166, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

CHILD wanted for light housework and assist in confectionery business; knowledge in grammar.—T. Henderson, 116, High-street, Merton, South Wimbledon.

LADY (young) about 20, wanted at once as useful help; servant kept.—A., 29, Colchester-street, S.W.

MAN and wife for country; wife must be good cook, and must be indoor servant.—Write B. 246, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Persons (either sex) for cutting paper stencils at home; easy; good pay.—Addressed: envelops; to Goding and Co., 75, Melbourne-grove, East Dulwich, London.

HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

PUTNEY—Four excellent modern Houses, best part Putney; built 60 years; low price for quick sale; owner going abroad; excellent investment.—Owner, 82, Granville-park, Blackheath.

SUCCESS.

89, Union Road,
Clapham, S.W.

The Advertisement Manager,
"Daily Illustrated Mirror."

Dear Sir,—My "Underlinen" advertisement having been such a success in "Daily Illustrated Mirror," and having received unsolicited testimonials from all parts, shall be glad if you will insert same 5 times weekly.

Yours faithfully,

EVA.

HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

PENZANCE (within mile off)—Furnished, sitting, 2 bedrooms; bath; and garden; ground 1/2 acre; P. Hamour, Cornwall Peach Retreat, Heamour, Cornwall.

TULSE HILL PARK—To be let, handsome modern residence; splendidly built and tastefully decorated; situated near the station; good train service to London; Bridge and Lodge Hill, and within easy distance of Streatham and Croydon. Apply to City and West End; accommodation, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and lavatory (b. and c.), spacious dining and drawing-rooms; excellent domestic offices; rents, £50 per annum, including excellent garden fittings.—View and for further particulars, apply to the office on the Estate, No. 34, Kingwood-road, Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

ENTERPRISE Couple want small village Public; £25 cash; more later; coast preferred; March quarter.—Write 1057, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LAUNDRY BUSINESSES for sale or partnership; printed register containing particulars; prices from £20 to £20,000; steam or hand; illustrated pamphlet and advice given; full particulars of Laundry Exchange (recognised throughout the trade), 30, Holborn.

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

BED-SITTING Room, well furnished, for lady engaged during day; bathroom; terms moderate.—38, Elthorpe-street, Southfields.

SUPERIOR Home offered invalid requiring special care; nice house; good cooking.—Proprietor, 124, Elgin-avenue.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

COUNTRY comfortable Home; elderly person, or children.—Vivian, Chapel St. Mary, Ipswich.

LIVE STOCK, VEHICLES, ETC.

BURGERBAG Parakeets; beautiful hand-reared pairs; 15s. pair—Marie Alliey, 57, Revereys-road, Earlfield, Surrey.

MARKETING BY POST.

ALLISON Wholesale Bread, a necessity for children and all who would be well, especially those suffering from indigestion, is obtained from the only reliable source, "D. M." Natural Food Co., Ltd., Bethnal Green, E.C.

DAREN Bread—Ask your baker; if not obtainable, write "Daren," Mill, Dartford.

DELICIOUS Cakes and Biscuits made by ladies; sample box, 2s. 6d.; ladies trained in confectionery and tea-room work.—The Geisha, 2, Gildredge-road, Eastbourne.

DELICIOUS Swiss Milk Chocolates, 1lb. box sent for 1s. 6d.—Welfare, Confectionery, Balham High-street, S.W.

DON'T drink Indigestible Tea.—Choice Tea is refreshing and invigorating; try Delicat, Gold Medal Biscuits, carriage paid on 2lb. Delicat and Corbitt, Gold Medal Biscuits, 50s. Brough, S.E.

LIVE Fish, unrivalled value; choice selected fish, 1lb. 6d.; 2lb. 9d.; 3lb. 11d.; 4lb. 13d.; 5lb. 15d.; 6lb. 17d.; 7lb. 19d.; 8lb. 21d.; 9lb. 23d.; 10lb. 25d.; 11lb. 27d.; 12lb. 29d.; 13lb. 31d.; 14lb. 33d.; 15lb. 35d.; 16lb. 37d.; 17lb. 39d.; 18lb. 41d.; 19lb. 43d.; 20lb. 45d.; 21lb. 47d.; 22lb. 49d.; 23lb. 51d.; 24lb. 53d.; 25lb. 55d.; 26lb. 57d.; 27lb. 59d.; 28lb. 61d.; 29lb. 63d.; 30lb. 65d.; 31lb. 67d.; 32lb. 69d.; 33lb. 71d.; 34lb. 73d.; 35lb. 75d.; 36lb. 77d.; 37lb. 79d.; 38lb. 81d.; 39lb. 83d.; 40lb. 85d.; 41lb. 87d.; 42lb. 89d.; 43lb. 91d.; 44lb. 93d.; 45lb. 95d.; 46lb. 97d.; 47lb. 99d.; 48lb. 101d.; 49lb. 103d.; 50lb. 105d.; 51lb. 107d.; 52lb. 109d.; 53lb. 111d.; 54lb. 113d.; 55lb. 115d.; 56lb. 117d.; 57lb. 119d.; 58lb. 121d.; 59lb. 123d.; 60lb. 125d.; 61lb. 127d.; 62lb. 129d.; 63lb. 131d.; 64lb. 133d.; 65lb. 135d.; 66lb. 137d.; 67lb. 139d.; 68lb. 141d.; 69lb. 143d.; 70lb. 145d.; 71lb. 147d.; 72lb. 149d.; 73lb. 151d.; 74lb. 153d.; 75lb. 155d.; 76lb. 157d.; 77lb. 159d.; 78lb. 161d.; 79lb. 163d.; 80lb. 165d.; 81lb. 167d.; 82lb. 169d.; 83lb. 171d.; 84lb. 173d.; 85lb. 175d.; 86lb. 177d.; 87lb. 179d.; 88lb. 181d.; 89lb. 183d.; 90lb. 185d.; 91lb. 187d.; 92lb. 189d.; 93lb. 191d.; 94lb. 193d.; 95lb. 195d.; 96lb. 197d.; 97lb. 199d.; 98lb. 201d.; 99lb. 203d.; 100lb. 205d.; 101lb. 207d.; 102lb. 209d.; 103lb. 211d.; 104lb. 213d.; 105lb. 215d.; 106lb. 217d.; 107lb. 219d.; 108lb. 221d.; 109lb. 223d.; 110lb. 225d.; 111lb. 227d.; 112lb. 229d.; 113lb. 231d.; 114lb. 233d.; 115lb. 235d.; 116lb. 237d.; 117lb. 239d.; 118lb. 241d.; 119lb. 243d.; 120lb. 245d.; 121lb. 247d.; 122lb. 249d.; 123lb. 251d.; 124lb. 253d.; 125lb. 255d.; 126lb. 257d.; 127lb. 259d.; 128lb. 261d.; 129lb. 263d.; 130lb. 265d.; 131lb. 267d.; 132lb. 269d.; 133lb. 271d.; 134lb. 273d.; 135lb. 275d.; 136lb. 277d.; 137lb. 279d.; 138lb. 281d.; 139lb. 283d.; 140lb. 285d.; 141lb. 287d.; 142lb. 289d.; 143lb. 291d.; 144lb. 293d.; 145lb. 295d.; 146lb. 297d.; 147lb. 299d.; 148lb. 301d.; 149lb. 303d.; 150lb. 305d.; 151lb. 307d.; 152lb. 309d.; 153lb. 311d.; 154lb. 313d.; 155lb. 315d.; 156lb. 317d.; 157lb. 319d.; 158lb. 321d.; 159lb. 323d.; 160lb. 325d.; 161lb. 327d.; 162lb. 329d.; 163lb. 331d.; 164lb. 333d.; 165lb. 335d.; 166lb. 337d.; 167lb. 339d.; 168lb. 341d.; 169lb. 343d.; 170lb. 345d.; 171lb. 347d.; 172lb. 349d.; 173lb. 351d.; 174lb. 353d.; 175lb. 355d.; 176lb. 357d.; 177lb. 359d.; 178lb. 361d.; 179lb. 363d.; 180lb. 365d.; 181lb. 367d.; 182lb. 369d.; 183lb. 371d.; 184lb. 373d.; 185lb. 375d.; 186lb. 377d.; 187lb. 379d.; 188lb. 381d.; 189lb. 383d.; 190lb. 385d.; 191lb. 387d.; 192lb. 389d.; 193lb. 391d.; 194lb. 393d.; 195lb. 395d.; 196lb. 397d.; 197lb. 399d.; 198lb. 401d.; 199lb. 403d.; 200lb. 405d.; 201lb. 407d.; 202lb. 409d.; 203lb. 411d.; 204lb. 413d.; 205lb. 415d.; 206lb. 417d.; 207lb. 419d.; 208lb. 421d.; 209lb. 423d.; 210lb. 425d.; 211lb. 427d.; 212lb. 429d.; 213lb. 431d.; 214lb. 433d.; 215lb. 435d.; 216lb. 437d.; 217lb. 439d.; 218lb. 441d.; 219lb. 443d.; 220lb. 445d.; 221lb. 447d.; 222lb. 449d.; 223lb. 451d.; 224lb. 453d.; 225lb. 455d.; 226lb. 457d.; 227lb. 459d.; 228lb. 461d.; 229lb. 463d.; 230lb. 465d.; 231lb. 467d.; 232lb. 469d.; 233lb. 471d.; 234lb. 473d.; 235lb. 475d.; 236lb. 477d.; 237lb. 479d.; 238lb. 481d.; 239lb. 483d.; 240lb. 485d.; 241lb. 487d.; 242lb. 489d.; 243lb. 491d.; 244lb. 493d.; 245lb. 495d.; 246lb. 497d.; 247lb. 499d.; 248lb. 501d.; 249lb. 503d.; 250lb. 505d.; 251lb. 507d.; 252lb. 509d.; 253lb. 511d.; 254lb. 513d.; 255lb. 515d.; 256lb. 517d.; 257lb. 519d.; 258lb. 521d.; 259lb. 523d.; 260lb. 525d.; 261lb. 527d.; 262lb. 529d.; 263lb. 531d.; 264lb. 533d.; 265lb. 535d.; 266lb. 537d.; 267lb. 539d.; 268lb. 541d.; 269lb. 543d.; 270lb. 545d.; 271lb. 547d.; 272lb. 549d.; 273lb. 551d.; 274lb. 553d.; 275lb. 555d.; 276lb. 557d.; 277lb. 559d.; 278lb. 561d.; 279lb. 563d.; 280lb. 565d.; 281lb. 567d.; 282lb. 569d.; 283lb. 571d.; 284lb. 573d.; 285lb. 575d.; 286lb. 577d.; 287lb. 579d.; 288lb. 581d.; 289lb. 583d.; 290lb. 585d.; 291lb. 587d.; 292lb. 589d.; 293lb. 591d.; 294lb. 593d.; 295lb. 595d.; 296lb. 597d.; 297lb. 599d.; 298lb. 601d.; 299lb. 603d.; 300lb. 605d.; 301lb. 607d.; 302lb. 609d.; 303lb. 611d.; 304lb. 613d.; 305lb. 615d.; 306lb. 617d.; 307lb. 619d.; 308lb. 621d.; 309lb. 623d.; 310lb. 625d.; 311lb. 627d.; 312lb. 629d.; 313lb. 631d.; 314lb. 633d.; 315lb. 635d.; 316lb. 637d.; 317lb. 639d.; 318lb. 641d.; 319lb. 643d.; 320lb. 645d.; 321lb. 647d.; 322lb. 649d.; 323lb. 651d.; 324lb. 653d.; 325lb. 655d.; 326lb. 657d.; 327lb. 659d.; 328lb. 661d.; 329lb. 663d.; 330lb. 665d.; 331lb. 667d.; 332lb. 669d.; 333lb. 671d.; 334lb. 673d.; 335lb. 675d.; 336lb. 677d.; 337lb. 679d.; 338lb. 681d.; 339lb. 683d.; 340lb. 685d.; 341lb. 687d.; 342lb. 689d.; 343lb. 691d.; 344lb. 693d.; 345lb. 695d.; 346lb. 697d.; 347lb. 699d.; 348lb. 701d.; 349lb. 703d.; 350lb. 705d.; 351lb. 707d.; 352lb. 709d.; 353lb. 711d.; 354lb. 713d.; 355lb. 715d.; 356lb. 717d.; 357lb. 719d.; 358lb. 721d.; 359lb. 723d.; 360lb. 725d.; 361lb. 727d.; 362lb. 729d.; 363lb. 731d.; 364lb. 733d.; 365lb. 735d.; 366lb. 737d.; 367lb. 739d.; 368lb. 741d.; 369lb. 743d.; 370lb. 745d.; 371lb. 747d.; 372lb. 749d.; 373lb. 751d.; 374lb. 753d.; 375lb. 755d.; 376lb. 757d.; 377lb. 759d.; 378lb. 761d.; 379lb. 763d.; 380lb. 765d.; 381lb. 767d.; 382lb. 769d.; 383lb. 771d.; 384lb. 773d.; 385lb. 775d.; 386lb. 777d.; 387lb. 779d.; 388lb. 781d.; 389lb. 783d.; 390lb. 785d.; 391lb. 787d.; 392lb. 789d.; 393lb. 791d.; 394lb. 793d.; 395lb. 795d.; 396lb. 797d.; 397lb. 799d.; 398lb. 801d.; 399lb. 803d.; 400lb. 805d.; 401lb. 807d.; 402lb. 809d.; 403lb. 811d.; 404lb. 813d.; 405lb. 815d.; 406lb. 817d.; 407lb. 819d.; 408lb. 821d.; 409lb. 823d.; 410lb. 825d.; 411lb. 827d.; 412lb. 829d.; 413lb. 831d.; 414lb. 833d.; 415lb. 835d.; 416lb. 837d.; 417lb. 839d.; 418lb. 841d.; 419lb. 843d.; 420lb. 845d.; 421lb. 847d.; 422lb. 849d.; 423lb. 851d.; 424lb. 853d.; 425lb. 855d.; 426lb. 857d.; 427lb. 859d.; 428lb. 861d.; 429lb. 863d.; 430lb. 865d.; 431lb. 867d.; 432lb. 869d.; 433lb. 871d.; 434lb. 873d.; 435lb. 875d.; 436lb. 877d.; 437lb. 879d.; 438lb. 881d.; 439lb. 883d.; 440lb. 885d.; 441lb. 887d.; 442lb. 889d.; 443lb. 891d.; 444lb. 893d.; 445lb. 895d.; 446lb. 897d.; 447lb. 899d.; 448lb. 901d.; 449lb. 903d.; 450lb. 905d.; 451lb. 907d.; 452lb. 909d.; 453lb. 911d.; 454lb. 913d.; 455lb. 915d.; 456lb. 917d.; 457lb. 919d.; 458lb. 921d.; 459lb. 923d.; 460lb. 925d.; 461lb. 927d.; 462lb. 929d.; 463lb. 931d.; 464lb. 933d.; 465lb. 935d.; 466lb. 937d.; 467lb. 939d.; 468lb. 941d.; 469lb. 943d.; 470lb. 945d.; 471lb. 947d.; 472lb. 949d.; 473lb. 951d.; 474lb. 953d.; 475lb. 955d.; 476lb. 957d.; 477lb. 959d.; 478lb. 961d.; 479lb. 963d.; 480lb. 965d.; 481lb. 967d.; 482lb. 969d.; 483lb. 971d.; 484lb. 973d.; 485lb. 975d.; 486lb. 977d.; 487lb. 979d.; 488lb. 981d.; 489lb. 983d.;